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Vaudeville Turns

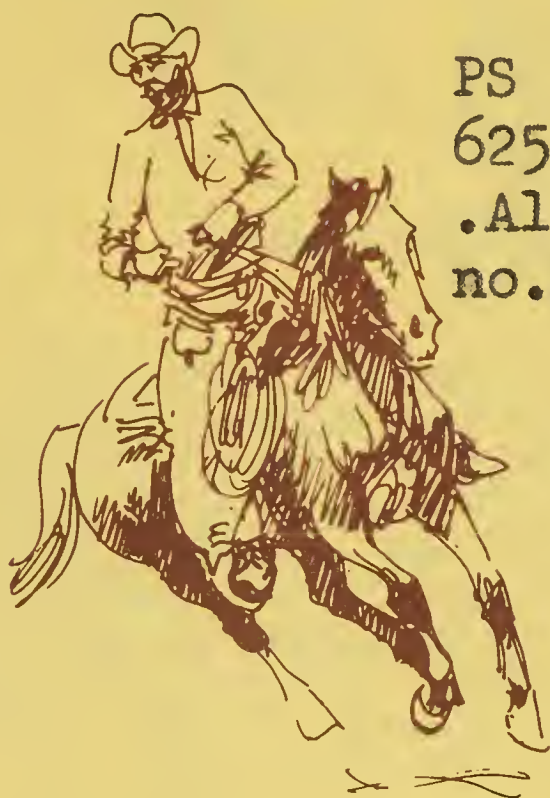


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PLAY IN THE UNITED
AND CANADA

Arrival of Kitty

Lee Swartout

Five Men and Four Women
Interior Set

It has been played on the professional stage more than a hundred times by amateurs, with an average of one performance each year. One of those rare and really successful plays a success and has to be repeated. The part of Bobbie Baxter pursuing his little nephew, William Winkler, has been played by many and is mistaken for Kitty, an actress, causing a great confusion of everything and everybody with the real Kitty.

Characters selected from hundreds of letters and

— *New York Dramatic Mirror.*

as 'Charley's Aunt,' funnier in many

"It is a pleasure to tell you of the tremendous success of the performance of 'The Arrival of Kitty' which we gave last night as the Senior Class Play. We had a good house and the applause and laughter were most hilarious." — *G. F. Morgan, Supt. of Schools at Athens, Ohio.*

"I only regret that there are not more plays of this calibre on the market." — *Rev. Wm. Ullrich, Rome, N. Y.*

"I recommend 'The Arrival of Kitty' to all organizations desiring a clever, clean and fast-moving comedy." — *G. T. Spettigue, Oil City, Pa.*

"The play was a wonderful success. The press and public are still talking about it." — *B. Jermyn Masters, Sec. Dunsmuir (Cal.) Dramatic Club.*

"We were well pleased with the play and can recommend it to any High School desiring an interesting, entertaining play within the possibilities of students." — *St. Louis, Mo.*

"Nothing better than 'The Arrival of Kitty' has ever been given in Uniontown, Pa."

"A splendid success from every standpoint." — *Paynesville, Minn.*

"You are certainly to be congratulated for writing a play so simple, so easy to present and at the same time so delightfully clever." — *Rockland, Maine.*

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WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

41 Winter Street,

Boston, Mass.

Vaudeville Turns

Humorous Monologues and One-Act
Sketches for Club, Lodge, Home,
School, or Professional Production

By
ARTHUR LEROY KASER

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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

Vaudeville Turns



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MONOLOGUES



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BLACK DIAMOND PHILOSOPHY

A Blackface Monologue.

TIME—About five minutes.

CHARACTER

EUPHONIOUS, *who has a grouch.*

(No scenery is required. EUPHONIOUS enters the stage backwards, muttering and shaking fist at someone off-stage. Turns in anger to the audience.)

Ef dat man eber so much as jest casts his optical dilusions in mah di-rections ag'in Ah's goin' to hit him so *hard* he'll fink dat nex' Tuesday am a week ago las' Friday. Ah's mad an' Ah admits it.

Dere ain't no use talkin'. Ah got to tell somebody mah troubles else Ah'm goin' to bust. Ah's heaped full; Ah's loaded up an' runnin' ober. It am jest oozin' out; bubblin' out; oberflowin'.

De main an' most prom'nent cause ob de cantankerous affair which hab so unconsciously 'furiated an' exemplified mah odderwise decorous nature am dis: Dat low-down, good-fo'-not-much Hank Johnson hab done extracated de affections of mah gal. It ain't de gal so much dat Ah's mou'nin' 'bout. Dere am a lot ob odders. But it am de principle ob de fing. Yes, suh, de principle ob de affair. Ah wouldn't no mo' justify mahself pilferin' some odder gen'man's woman frien' dan Ah would ob whitewashin' Deacon Jones's pullet coop on Sunday mornin'.

W'en dis heah uniberse were cremated an' Adam an'

his ol' woman were transplanted hereon did dat gen'man sanctuate evil thoughts in his haid an' go out an' extracate de affections ob some odder shemale? He did not. He done stayed in dere dormatory an' kept de home fires smokin'. An' w'en Mrs. Adam took in washin' did Adam hab anodder 'gagement so's he could delibber hisself from de domains ob de household an' cast his lub at de feet ob some odder gen'man's best gal? He did not. He done stayed in de lub nest an' run de 'lectric washin' machine. He did. An' w'en dey sorjourned forth to a swell café or a show, did Adam make portracted goggle-eyes at all de s'roundin' flapperituses? He did not. He done looked at de show an' masculated his meal an' gib eberybody de honest-to-goodness expression dat he done lub his own wife, no matta what she looked like.

De foregoin' am jest a 'zample ob what Ah's endeavorin' to expound into de ears ob dem dat hear an' dem dat see.

All dis goes to show dat de lub ob de man am like de perforated onion. It am stronger dan de lub ob de woman. Man's lub am like de mighty rock ob Jibb's halter dat stan's out in de middle ob de sea on de shore ob Spain wid a big insurance sign painted dereon. Woman's lub am like de frag-ile bubble like yo' gits in yo' mouf at de barber shop. Woman's lub am like a football. It blows up an' blows up 'til it busts an' knocks yo' eye out.

W'en a man done lub a woman passiont-ly he shows it in de efervescent actions ob his soul an' body. He eiddar goes out an' hangs up de wash or he steals a big fat pullet fo' her. He works fo' her t'ree or fo' days widout layin' off. He does eberyfing he can to make his woman de happiest woman in de house. An' how 'bout de woman portion ob de deal? Does she lub a man like dat? She do not. She done put her arms 'round yo' neck an' vitamine sweet honey-lubbin' words in yo' ear an' calls yo' her honey-lamb an' sweet cookies, an' den w'en yo' ain't lookin' busts yo' ober de haid wid a skillet. Dat ain't lub. Dat's nothin' but post mortem

hypocritsie. Jest plain eberyday post mortem hypocritsie. I am posilutely certainfied dat yo' all agrees wid me dat mah remarks am true, an' nothin' but de truth, then so be it.

W'en yo' fust starts makin' lub to yo' gal yo' all finks, dat is, she makes yo' fink, dat yo' was de pres'dent or some odder gineral an' dat nothin' will eber change her lub fo' yo', less it's some odder man what maybe's got fo' bits mo' dan yo' got. Yo' sit out on de curb wid yo' arms full ob her an' watch de moonshine—watchin' de moonshine ain't as good as drinkin' it, but so be it—an' yo'uns listen to de bullfrogs an' de cowfrogs in de ribber a-croakin'; an' yo' listen to de crickets rubbin' dere legs togedder, an' yo' fink dat yo' two am de only pussons in de world what kin see de frogs croak an heah de moonshine. Den w'en yo' stan' up afore de preacher yo' promises to lub, honor an' obey. Den jest as quick as yo' is hitched accordin' to de by-laws an' de highways ob de United States yo' finds out dat yo' got to lub, honor an' obey or else get yo' fool haid knocked off. But it am de natural science ob de evolutions an' nobody can stop de presumption ob de uniberse in its posterity ob cycles, so be it. It am de law ob supply an' demand an' will go on fo'ever an' eber, an' eber, maybe.

Whareber de sun rises up, whareber de sun sets down, whareber de rays ob de solar plexus shines its golden shine derefrom men hab lubbed women. An' all ober de world, dere, here, an' eberywhar, whedder it be down south in Russia, or up north in de tropics, or way out west on de Hudson Ribber, de women hab made fools outen de men. From mornin' 'til night, an' from tomorrow 'til yeste'day dey lift de men up on de wings ob happiness an' den drap dem kerplunk in de fiery cook-stove ob 'blivion, an' step in dere face.

But mind what Ah says, mah sufferin' gen'men frien's, de time am comin', de time am 'proachin' nigher an' nigher w'en de male members ob de masc'line fambly am a-goin' to shake dere fists in de atsmaphere an' stan' up fo' dere rights an' lefts. Dey is goin' to congregate on de front porch ob de world an' jine in de chorus ob

dat pow'ful an' planetary song, "De Battle Hymn ob de Republicans." Den, an' only den, will de resigned voices ob de down-trodden male men be heard an' extinguished! Like dat great an' 'lustrous poet, Julius Skeezer, said, w'en he stood afore de cabinet ob de late King Solomon in Alabama, in de yeah ob 1492. What did he said? Ah'll tell yo' what he said. He said: "Mah frien's, united we stan', diwided we won't be togedder." An' what did he mean? Ah'll tell yo' what he meant. He meant dat w'en we is united we is togedder, but w'en we is diwided we is sep'rated all to hellangone. Ain't dat right? In course it am, so be it.

But whar am it all goin' to end in de finish? I don't know; yo' don't know; niedder of us knows, does we? We does not. It am gettin' worser an' worser an' worstest. Ef it gets worser dan dat dere ain't no word fo' it. An' now de worser am yet to come. I appeals to yo', mah frien's, dat it am gettin' somefing scand'lous de way de women is carryin' on an' off. Dey say dey is exferior to de mens. Huh, am dat a fac'? It am not, so be it. Fust dey wants to vote, den dey wants to hold ossifes, an' be p'leecemen an' be on de fire apartment an' eberyfing. It can't be did an' did right. What 'spectible married man what lubs his wife wants to hab some woman p'leeceman comin' up to him late at night w'en he's jest gettin' home from a crap game, an' say, "Yo' all come 'long wid me." Jest yo' go taggin' dem women 'round whare eber dey wants yo' to go an' see what yo' wife am goin' to do wid her rollin' pin. An' what ef dey gits on de fire apartment? What den? After de fire bell would blow 'twould take 'em fo' hours to powder dere noses an' do up dere hair afore dey could go, an' den by dat time de fire would be distinguished. An' ef dey did git to de fire an' go up de ladder dere wouldn't be no room fo' de fire wagons. Why not? 'Cause dere would be too many men tryin' fo' to hold de ladder. It can't be did, so be it.

(Finish with song or dance, or make quick exit.)

CURTAIN

IT VAS LIKE DIS

A Jewish Monologue.

TIME—*About five minutes.*

CHARACTER

MORRIS, *who tells it.*

(No scenery is required. MORRIS enters with hands behind him. Looks the audience over a moment before speaking.)

Vell, here you vas, und dere I am.

I vas surprised mit bleasure unfounded dot so many off you vot iss present vas here. If you vas absent und not here mine veelings would be successfully hurt mit joy. Venefer I coome ouit behind a crowd off beoples vot ain't dere it makes me haff dot veeling dot you don't vant to listen by me. Yes? I guess not.

De foist t'ing dot I vant to says iss dot I don't know for vhy I am here. If you know for vhy I am here you don't know so much as I do mineselluf. He smanager he shust saays to me, "Morris"—dot iss mine name; t'anks, I vas glad to meet you—"Morris, go ouit und undress de audicences—both off dem." So dere I vas here.

I vas in such a hurry-up to get from where I vas to where I vas now dot all de breath vot iss in me vas ouit. I vas late mit eferyt'ings. I coome running down de shtairs und bump into a big fat man. He iss de fattest **man** I efer seen before—und behind eiddler. He iss so

fat he ain't seen his feet for tens years, I guess not. He iss so fat dot vhen he lays down he iss taller den vhen he stands up. Oy! but he iss fat. Dot man iss so fat dot vhen he sits down by de table to eat he has to put his chair ouit in de odder room. Vhen he stands in front off you, you can't see vot street you vas on. Vun time he vas ouit to de circus and eferybody coomes to him und wants to get in. Dey t'inks he vas de tent. If he vould swvim in de ocean dere vouldn't be no ocean. It vouldn't be possible for him and de ocean to be in de same place. I guess not. De only place dot he can sleep vas in de baseball park, und vot a expensive place to sleep! T'ink off it! Sleeping on a diamond, und den vake up in de morning und eat de breakfast off de home plate.

But as I vas saying vhen I commenced to begin. I coomes down de shtairs mit a rushness und bumped into dot haystack mit pants on. He grabs me by de collarbone. I don't know vedder he iss mad in de face or not, I don't know. I am right near his vaistband und his face iss far, far away. "Let me go, Mistair," I say to him, "I vas in a hurry-up." He shakes me mit mine collarbone. "How vas it dot you can be in a hurry-up vhen you vas cooming down?" he say to me. I say to him, "I vas in a hurry-up to coome down, dot's all." He say to me, "Mine frient, vhen you coome down you can't hurry up." Such foolishness makes me mad like eferyt'ing und I step on his feet vhere he can't see me und den I runs. Oy! how I run. He shased me up vun street und still up anodder und still up anodder until I t'ink dere vas too many streets. Den I fool him. I turn down de alley und he can't get in. If he had stood in front off me I vouldn't haff seen de alley.

Den I vait for de street car. Vhen de street car coomes I gits me on. I giff de conductorman de nickel, und I say, "Iss dot all right?" Und he say to me, "Yes, dot's fare enough." I look for me a seat to sit in, but de seats vas all full. Some off de mens in de seats vas de same vay. My, how I envy dem. Vun man was taking up enough room for dree beoples. I say to him, "Mine

frient, moofe ofer und let me sits down.' He vas a tough guy. I vas tough too. But he vas tougher den me. He says to me, "Aw, sit on de floor, und you von't fall off." I can't sallow such remarks vhen I got de soar throat und it makes me mad. It makes me so mad. I veel like hitting him. I can't gontrol mineseluf. I nefer vas so mad in mine life. Mine blood gets hot und boils like de teakettle. If I don't hit him I go crazy in de cuckoo. I shust must hit him.—But I don't. He iss too big. Und I don't vant to shtart a scenery on de street car. So I looks at him to show him dot I am mad. Den he say to me, "You vas looking at me as if you vould like to eat me." "No, mine frient," I say, "I vas a Jew und mine religion forbids me doing dot." Dot makes de tough guy mad und he throws a nasty look at me but it don't hit me, so I should care, ain't it? I vash his hands off de whole t'ing und forgit it. I should say so.

(Quick exit; or finish with a comic song.)

CURTAIN

IN DER STREET CAR

A Jewish Monologue

TIME—*About five minutes.*

MORRIS VINESTEIN *speaking.*

Lasht veek I goes mit myself alone in a street car, to see mine friend Bottlowiski who always has his lunch about the time I had planned to see him. Und his name is ass goot ass a dhrink—in these dry days. Vell, I vas thinking mit great heavyhood ofer the possibility that Bottlowiski might be visiting somevones else about lunch dime. Und I grew sorter sad. That sorter thing aind righd, after a man has come such a long vay to find you out. Vell, beoples got on, und beoples got off, und some stayed on, und some stayed off. After while I say to de conductorman, “I vant to get off.” “Vhy don’t you den?” he say to me. “De car iss moofing,” I saays. “Off course de car iss moofing,” he saays. “Dot iss de vay it gets from vun place to anodder.” So he pulls de clothes-line und de car shtopped. “Which end should I get off?” I say. “Dot don’t make no nefermind,” saays de conductorman, “both ends shtop at de same times.”

So I gets me off. I gets me off too fast. Mine foot gets caught on de vot you call it dot sticks ouit from de vot iss it, und I make de flop. Right avay de conductor-man pulls ouit de little book und say, “Vot iss de name?” Und I say, “Morris Vinestein.” Und he say, “Where you liff?” Und I tell him in de house vot used to be by de barber shop und vas burned down last veek. Den he say, “Your business?” “Rotten,” I tell him. Den a lawyer runs up to me und tells me, “Maybe you wants

sdamages, yes?" "Oy!" I say to him, "I haff already got de sdamages. Vot I vant iss de doctair." So I go to de doctair across de street on de odder side und knock on de bell. He coomes to de door und say, "Iss dot you?" I say, "No, it iss Morris Vinestein." He say, "Valk in." Dere iss no odder vay to get in, so I valk in. So he takes me in a big empty room filled mit bottles und hammers und saws und a white table. De doctair he tells me to take off mine clothes und mine pants und lay on de table. He tinks maybe I vas a meal. He tells me lay on mine back mit mine face up. Den he puts on a white apron like he vas going to vash dishes und coomes to me. He takes mine pulse, und mine temperature, und mine clothes, und hangs dem on de vall. Den he pushes mine nose outh off de vay so he can look in mine mouth. For a long time he look at mine teeth. He tinks I vas a horse, maybe, I don't know. "Mine frient," he tells me, "both off your eye-teeth vas gone." Honest, I don't know where dey vent, but I am sad. I vas nefer so sad in mine life, I guess not. Und den I cried. Oy! how I cried! I cry like de baby eating horseradish. "Vhy are you crying?" de doctair tells me. "Because," I saays to him, "both off mine eye-teeth vas gone, und I vill forefer be blind in de mouth." "But dot von't make no neferminds," de doctair tells me. Dot makes me cry all de worser. "Oy! doctair, shust t'ink," I tells him, "vot vill I do in de vinter vhen it iss cold und I can't use mine hands to talk vid? Und mit de eye-teeth gone I von't be able to see vot I am saying."

Den de doctair sticks me in a big white fish bowl vot he calls de bathtub und fills de bowl mit hot water. Oy! such a hotness! It vas de hottest hotness I vas efer in. It vas hotter den hot; it vas varm. He let me cook in de bowl for avhile. Den he coomes und sticks a—I don't know vot it iss. It vas a piece off glass dot looked like a icyicle. He would stick dot in mine mouth und den take it outh und look at it to see if I vas done. After I vas good und done he pulls me outh. I vas so red I look like de switch light on de railroad. I vas so red I look like de fire engine. Und I feel de same vay. He look

me all ofer und ask me vhere de car hit me. I tell him on de corner. He ask me vwhich corner. I tell him on de southvest corner. Den he look on de southvest corner und find—but dot iss none off your business. So I put on mine clothes und mine pants und pay de doctair almost all dot I owe him und valk down de street on de sidevalk coming dis vay. I t'ink I nefer get here. Eferyt'ing vas against me. I begin to t'ink dot I am de hoo-doo. It vas shust like vhen vot iss, vasn't, und vot vasn't, iss. Nefer in de past vas de future like it vas to-day. Dot iss, vot ought to ain't because dot which iss going to be vas already und—vot I mean, mine frients, iss dot—dot—vot do I mean? I don't know vot I mean.

Anyhow, anyvay, I meet it mine old frient, Levi Ikelburg. He is valking all alone on de street mit himself on de sidevalk. I do not seen him until he shtops in mine face und says, "Hello, Morris." I like to shake hands mit an old face so I tells him, "Hello, Levi." Den he say, "How vas you?" Und I say, "I am better, t'ank you." Den I say, "Levi, how you vas?" Und he say he vas de same vay only more so. Ve vas going to talk avhile but he haff his hands full off bundles und can't say much. Mitout his hands he can't say such a much. But he say, "Mine brudder vas going to be married." Und I say, "Is he?" "No, not Izzy, Ikey," he tell me. I know Ikey. He vas a vine poy, I guess so. Ikey runs de clodeing store on Main Street. On vun side off him iss a great big clodeing store und on de odder side iss anodder big clodeing store. Dey vas always trying to push Ikey from de business outh. Vun day de prop'ietor off de store on de right side puts up de big sign vot says, "Big Sale, Eferyt'ing Half Price," und on de odder side de prop'ietor puts up de big sign vot says, "Big Fire Sale." But Ikey vas too shmart for dem eiddervun. He puts de bigger sign ofer his door vot says, "Main Entrance." You can't fool Ikey. I say to Levi, "So Ikey vas going to be married, yes?" Und he say, "Yes." I ask him, "Who iss going to giff de bride away?" "Vell," he tells me, "I could. I know de goil pretty vell, but I von't tell nothing."

Vell, de time iss extinguishing und getting later. Und in time to come it vill be bedtime. If I had some cards I vould show you beoples some tricks if I knowed some tricks. But I don't. Good-night.

(Quick exit, or finish with appropriate song.)

CURTAIN

JUST A BIT OV OIRELAND

An Irish Monologue.

TIME—*About ten minutes.*

CHARACTER

MIKE, *from the ould sod.*

(No scenery is required. MIKE enters with clay pipe in his mouth. Stops at center and takes his pipe from his mouth. Drops it accidentally on the floor.)

Sure, now thot's wan good thing about a clay poipe. If yez drops it yez don't have to stoop an' pick it up.

Oi niver was so toired in all me born days. Walk, walk, walk all the whole day an' no place to sit down whoile Oi'm doin' of it. Ah, but phat a blessin' it is, begorra, thot night niver comes 'til late in the day whin a mon is toired an' can't walk iny more. Shure, now, Oi niver did walk so much afore. All day long Oi been walkin' wid no place to go, an' Oi been there so much Oi've wore me feet off up to the ankles. An' all on account ov a remark Oi made to the ould woman this mornin'. She siz to me, siz she, "Moike, it's a piece ov wood Oi be afther havin' under me finger nail." "Alfalfa," siz Oi—Oi calls her "Alfalfa" because she looks loike a load ov hay—"Alfalfa, Oi'm a-thinkin' thot yez got the pace ov wood under yez finger nail from a-scratchin' yez head." Ye ought to hov seen thot woman. Just thot quick she wint up in the air loike a sky-roocket. Oi will niver fergit it the rist of me loife,

Oi won't. There was just one gr-rand ixplosion an' Oi found meself sittin' on me eyebrow on the curb.

Afther Oi c'lected all me paces an' parts Oi shtarted out lookin' for some place to rist me weary bones. Thin Oi mit O'Halligan. O'Halligan was all drissed up loike he was goin' to his own funeral. Full-driss suit, tan shoes an' a straw hat. O'Halligan is shure a swill drisser an' a swill-lookin' gint whin he gits dolled up. An' he had a clane shirt on. He was drissed up fit to kill. He looks me over an' siz, siz he, "Moike, Oi can see thot ye hov been arguing wid yez woife." "Ye're all wrong," siz Oi. "She's been arguing wid me." "Moike," siz O'Halligan, "ye ought to be ashamed ov yezself, so ye had. Wan toime Oi had just sich a toime wid me ould woman an' Oi couldn't look her in the face for two weeks, Oi couldn't. An' whin Oi could look her in the face Oi could just see it a little wid wan eye." "Well, afther this," siz Oi to O'Halligan, "whin Oi talk to me ould woman, Oi won't." "Aire ye scared ov her?" siz O'Halligan. "Oi am not," siz Oi, "but ivery toime Oi opens me mouth Oi git me foot in it." O'Halligan is a wonderful fri'nd ov meself, so he is. "Moike," siz he, "afther this whin ye talk wid her kape yez mouth shut." O'Halligan is a good fri'nd of mine an' is always givin' me foine advice.

Well, me an' him talked for some toime to come, an' all the toime he kept cheerin' me up, an' cheerin' me up until Oi felt pretty bad. O'Halligan's a wonderful fri'nd to hov. There isn't inything O'Halligan wouldn't do for meself.

If Oi should ask him to borry me some money he'd do it. If he didn't hov a cent to his name he'd give me his last dollar, so he would.

Well, afther O'Halligan had cheered me up 'til Oi cried he lift me, an' Oi wondered down to the park. Oi didn't know phat to do wid meself so Oi looked at the birds an' the people, an' the rist ov the animals. Shure, an' Oi walked around 'til me feet began to protest, so Oi thought Oi'd better sit down. But ivery empty bench in the park was filled up. So Oi walked

some more. Oi walked around the park siven toimes an' a half an' ended roight where Oi started to commence to begin walkin'. Thin a big Oirish p'leeceman siz to me, siz he, "Phat aire ye walkin' so much for?" "Because Oi can't fly," siz Oi. Thot's all Oi remimber for awhile. Oi don't know whither he hit me wid a lead poipe or a tree. Phativer it was it was a great succiss. Oi know it bounced off me head an' kilt a dog. Whin Oi fell Oi lit on me nose. Thot's phat makes it so red. Oi lit on me nose so's Oi wouldn't hurt me hands. Thin the p'leeceman found a cup an' brought me some wather. He give me the wather an' brought me to. Afther he brought me to, he brought me three, four, foive—Oi niver dr-rank so much wather in all me loife. I dr-rank so much wather I began to holler, "Three cheers for the Atlantic Ocean!" The p'leeceman gives me a kick behind the bench. "Three cheers for hell!" siz he. "Thot's roight," siz Oi. "Stick up for yez own country," siz Oi. Thin for a little whoile Oi goes back to slape again—wid the assistance ov the p'leeceman. Oi niver seen so miny stars before in the daytime.

Begob! Oi'm tillin' ye Oi'm toired. Whin Oi go to bid to-night—if Oi can foind a bid—Oi'm goin' to put me watch under me pillow so's Oi can slape over-toime. On me way out ov the park Oi mit me ould fri'nd Casey. Thot's the furst toime Oi'd seen Casey for over tin years. "Casey," siz Oi, "where in the divil hov ye been kapin' yezself so long?" "Shure, Moike," siz he, "Oi've been visitin' the state prison." "How long did it take yez to visit it?" siz Oi. "Tin years," siz Casey. Casey's a fooney mon. One toime he wint to wan ov thim artist fellers an' wanted to hov his picture painted. "Phat pose does ye want?" siz the artist feller. "Shure," siz Casey, "if it's all the same to ye Oi'd loike to hov meself painted standin' behoind a tree." Thin he asked the artist feller how much it would cost for the paintin'. "Foive thousand dollars," siz the artist feller. "Foive thousand dollars!" siz Casey. "How much will it cost if Oi furnishes the paint?" Casey niver had foive thousand dollars in his loife. The last toime Oi seen him he

was just eight dollars shy ov havin' fifty cents. In a lot ov ways Casey is ignorant. He doesn't possiss the edjamacation loike meself. Wan toime he wint to the paint shtore an' wanted to buy some shtriped paint so's he could paint a barber pole. Whin Casey came over from Oireland he wanted to take out his civil'zation papers loike the rist ov us. So he goes to the judge. "Hov ye iver read the Declapendence ov Inderation?" siz the judge. "Oi hov not," siz Casey. "Hov ye iver read the Constitution ov the United States?" siz the judge. "Oi hov not," siz Casey. "Phat the divil have ye read?" siz the judge. "Oi hov red hair," siz Casey.

Well, meself an' Casey talked for some toime on this an' thot an' t'other thing. "Casey," siz Oi, "hov ye been home since ye was out ov the pin?" "Shure, an' Oi hov not," siz Casey. "Whin aire ye goin' to be goin' home?" siz Oi. "Oi don't be goin' at all, at all," siz Casey. "Yez aire not goin' at all?" siz Oi. "Oi am not," siz Casey. "Oi got wan foine raison for not goin' home." "An' phat is the raison?" siz Oi. "Me woife," siz Casey. By the lovin' shamrock, if Casey's woife an' me own woife wouldn't make a foine team. Casey's woife has got more kids thin a schoolhouse. Oi think she's got fifteen. Let me see. There was siven by the third woife of her sicond husband an' eight by the sicond woife of the furst. Yep, fifteen; six boys, foive giruls, an' four other children. Whin Casey used to take thim on a picnic he had to charter a car, an' whin they walked down the strate behind Casey iverybody wondered phat the crowd was afther Casey for.

Mrs. Casey is wan ov thim women phat is sarcrastic, as ye moight say. The Caseys lived on the furst floor an' her naybor, Mrs. Clancy, lived on the sicond floor roight above thim. Wan mornin' whin Mrs. Clancy had a peeve on she looked down from her windy an' seen Mrs. Casey wid her head stickin' out ov the windy down-shtairs. "Oi say, Mrs. Casey," yelled Mrs. Clancy, "why don't ye take yez ugly ould mug out ov the windy an' put yez pet monkey in its place? 'Twould give the naybors a change they'd loike, Oi'm thinkin'." Mrs.

Casey looked up. "Well, now, Mrs. Clancy," siz she, "'twas only this very mornin' thot Oi did that very thing, an' the p'leeceman came along an' whin he seen the monkey he bowed an' siz, 'Shure, Mrs. Clancy, whin did yez move down-shtairs?'"

But, be all the powers, Oi got to be movin' along. O'Halligan siz just afore we parted thot Oi should meet him on the bridge. He siz if he would get there furst he'd make a chalk mark on the bridge; an' if Oi git there furst Oi should rub it out.

(Quick exit; or follow with an Irish song or jig.)

CURTAIN

WEARY, ALIAS THE TRAMP

A Tramp Monologue.

TIME—*Ten minutes.*

CHARACTER

WEARY, *a knight of the road.*

(WEARY enters, and stops at center. He wears an old misfit of ragged clothes, shoes and hat. Has two-weeks' beard. Carries branch for a cane, and holds a cigar stub stuck on toothpick. Talks and acts in haughty manner. Has peculiar habit of smacking lips frequently while talking.)

If those who are fortunate enough to be seated in the rear of the house would desire to get a closer view of myself I would suggest that they exchange seats with those who are located within closer proximity of the stage. I fear it will be difficult for me to throw my voice a very great distance and perhaps those so far back will not be able to follow my text. I am apologizing for my vocal handicap due to the fact that I slept on a pile of colanders last night and strained my voice.

But, ah, 'twas a beautiful night to sleep and look up into the starry heavens from my downy cot of tin and view the clouds upon the sea, and the moon upon the wane, and the cop upon his beat—on the other street.

NOTE.—*Huskiness of the voice is typical of the stage tramp but this huskiness should not be too strongly forced by the actor as it will have a tendency to injure the throat.*

We knights of the highways and the byways are not devoid of the sense of appreciating Nature. Neither are we devoid of ambition, even though the public in general may think to the contrary. I as well as every knight have always entertained two very high ambitions. One is to get plenty to eat and the other, to locate the man who invented work. People misunderstand us, they misjudge us. I can truthfully say when I speak for myself and in behalf of my unfortunate brothers, that being thusly misunderstood and misjudged pains us quite some, so to speak.

For example, only yesterday I had just left the metropolis of (*Use the name of a near-by town.*) on my way here when I stopped at a house and asked a lady for a bite of sustaining food. I told her that I hadn't slept for so long it made me so hungry that I couldn't drink a drop. Or drop a drink. I forget which I did say now. Anyway, she was writing a letter at the crucible moment and said she was too busy to bother with me. I pleaded with her. I even asked her to let me lick the stamps, I was that hungry. I tried my best to make the lady understand my condition. I said to her, "Lady, I am so hungry I could eat the grass right out of your front yard." Then she told me to go around back, it was longer. See how we are misjudged? She took me for a horse or a cow. I told her I didn't desire to go around back because I'd heard a dog bark around there. She said a dog's bark was worse than its bite. But I didn't want to take any chances. One never knows when a dog is going to stop barking.

Well, the lady didn't give me anything to eat so I asked if there were a pair of cast-off trousers around that I could have. She found a pair and gave them to me. I went down the road a ways and put them on. There were two diamond-shaped patches on them and they made me feel like the deuce. I started down the road and a farmer "sic'd" his dog on me, dog-gone him. I ran but the dog gained on me. I heard his pants behind me. Then I heard mine. That dog seemed very much attached to me. Right there and then I lost my

appetite for weinies. It was such a sarcastic dog, too. His remarks were very biting.

After parting company with the dog I stopped at another farmhouse. The lady who came to the door asked me if I wanted a bite. I said, "No, thanks, I just got one." "Where did you get it?" she asked. I absolutely refused to tell her. But I did tell her about a ripping time I had and asked her for a needle and some thread. Of course, curiosity got the best of her and she wanted to know what I wanted with the needle and thread. I told her that "A stitch in time would save mine." She gave them to me and after I'd reconnected that which had been torn asunder I stopped at another house. It was a farmhouse, too. Isn't it peculiar how many more farmhouses you will find in the country than in the city? The lady asked me what I did for a living. I told her that I traveled with a circus usually and that I was a contortionist. "All right," she said, "here's an axe. Go out to the woodpile and do the split." Then and there I did something that I'd never done in my whole life. I took the axe and started for the woodpile. It was some distance behind the house and on my way down I saw where a wagonload of wood had upset. A farmer boy was standing by, not knowing exactly what to do. I see at once that he was in a quandary. I felt sorry for the poor lad, so I said, "That's too bad, my boy, but never mind. Let's you and me go into the house and get something to eat and then you'll feel more like straightening things up." "No," he said, shaking his head, "I don't think I'd better go now. Father wouldn't like it." "Oh, come on," I said, coaxingly. "Your father won't know anything about it. Come with me and we'll get something to eat." But still he hung back. "No," he said, "I'm afraid Father wouldn't like it." "Come on," I insisted, "don't be foolish." He finally consented and we went into the house. The lady set out a nice meal and we ate, and ate. Finally the lady said to the boy, "John, where's Father?" "Why, Mother," said John, "the load of wood tipped over and Father's under it." I never felt so embarrassed in my

life. My conscience hurt me terribly to think that I had enticed that honest farmer boy away from his work at such an inopportune time, and to make retribution I went out to the pile of wood with him and kept John company while he unloaded Father. Gratitude is a wonderful thing, isn't it?

Well, after Father had been removed from the lower side of the woodpile I bid John farewell and took my departure. I walked until it began to get dusk. Then I ran into my old friend, Pete. I've known Pete since childhood when we were young. In fact, we had attended different schools together. I asked him where he had come from and he said nowhere in particular. I asked him where he was going and he said to the same place. Then I asked him where he intended to sleep that night and he said nowhere in particular. So I took a room above him and we slept till morning. We slept as only the weary tourist can.

Well, the next morning we arose bright and early at nine o'clock and immediately after breakfast time removed our clothes. Then he donned my clothes and I donned his. Whenever we are together traveling we change clothes every morning for the sake of cleanliness. Pete had a comb in his pocket and so we proceeded at once with our toilet. We combed the bats and field-mice out of our whiskers. At the first house that morning we asked for a bite to eat. The lady gave us each a piece of pie. Pete said to her, "We thank you, lady, but we can't eat it without a fork." It was a very undiplomatic remark on Pete's part and the lady resented it extremely. "All right," she said, "you two just ramble on now. You'll find a fork in the road."

Just as we reached the fork a fellow came along in an auto and stopped. He said to us, "If you men are looking for something, I know where you can get a job." He said his brother had six cords of wood he wanted cut right down the right fork. We thanked him heartily and turned down the left fork. If it hadn't have been for his thoughtfulness we would have run right square into that job.

Work is a health-breaking, wealth-making sin,
For those who are looking for such;
But for him who is wiser, and not classed as a miser
Work does not count for so much.

What's the use of this toiling, and your whole darn
life spoiling,
Just to save for a nice rainy day?
When you're dead it's a fact, you never come back,
And it's a cinch you can't take it away.

(Quick exit and curtain.)

ME AND MY FAMILY

Straight Monologue for Male.

TIME—*About ten minutes.*

(MONOLOGIST, in modern street clothes, enters, takes center and talks confidentially to audience.)

I almost failed to get here this evening. I missed my train and was so angry that I couldn't express myself, so I came by freight. Yes, sir, that train went so fast it was impossible for me to see the telegraph poles as we whizzed by. Someone thought that the rest of the hogs might get out so they closed the door. Did you ever ride in a car with a lot of hogs? That is, not counting street cars? This was a regular high-class hog Pullman. Modern ventilation and water troughs. When the train stopped down here in the yards someone opened the door and I started to jump out. The switchman, or whoever it was, thought that I was one of the other hogs until he saw that I had a hat on. Then he said something about a person being judged by the company he keeps, and how sorry he felt for the poor hogs in the car. One of those fresh fellows, you know. It kind of made me peeved for a minute. Maybe he'll get on the hog some day himself, the poor ham.

Anyway, I had hardly fell off the train when a highwayman steps up to me. I knew it was a highwayman as soon as I saw him, because all the policemen down that way smiled and spoke to him when he passed. Well, the highwayman shoved a young cannon right under my nose. Did you ever have a highwayman shove a young cannon right under your nose? It's very annoying, in-

deed. Well, as I said, the highwayman shoved a young cannon right under my nose and says real rough-like, "Hands up!" But I wasn't so scared as one might think from looking at me. I'm not boasting a bit when I say that I remained perfectly cool. I was so cool, in fact, that I shivered. Then I started to shake all over. If I'd had a bottle of cream in my pocket it would have been butter in a short time. "Don't you move!" hissed the highwayman. Now, confidentially, isn't that a foolish thing to say to one when one is shivering. When one shivers it is impossible not to move. Now, isn't it? As I said, the highwayman hissed, or something like a hiss, right in my face, "Don't you move!" Just to prove to him that I still had my wits about me and could crack a joke, I says to him, "I can't help moving, I'm a movie fan." Just then my foot slipped and I nearly fell, but the highwayman held me up. Even though I didn't like the man very well I thought it was very considerate of him under the trying circumstances to hold me up. Otherwise I would have fallen. He wanted to be friendly. I could see that at once. He was worried that I might have some glass or something sharp in my pockets and if I fell I might cut myself, so he searched all through my coat pockets and didn't find anything there. Then he went through my pants pockets and didn't find anything there. Then he got a cramp in his arm and accidentally hit me on the head with the cannon and didn't find anything—I mean when I woke up the moon was coming up on one side of the track and a big policeman, friend of the highwayman, I think, was coming up on the other, and I run. And, boy, I run!

After awhile I got slowed down to a walk and was wandering along at this rate when a man stepped out of an alley right in front of me. Of course, you know, there is nothing wrong about a man stepping out of an alley, but this man insisted that I stop a minute. This is the funniest town I was ever in. Everybody insists that you stop when they so desire it, so to say. "Who are you?" he asks me. Well, I was beginning to get used to being so addressed so I says, "Don't bother me, I'm

a bad egg." He took my word for it and started to beat me up. We knocked each other down in sort of a friendly manner and he tried to beat me up again, but I got up first. Even though it was just a friendly bout it was quite exciting. I hit the first blow but I missed. He hit the second blow and didn't. At last I got a good strangle-hold on his ankle and we swayed and swayed and swore. I assure you it was quite exciting. Fate seemed to be with me for he stopped to scratch his ear, and while he was thus scratching his organ of hearing I took advantage of the hiatus, as one might say, and pinched him on the arm, and you can doubtlessly imagine how that would hurt. Well, some of the time he was on top and then again I was underneath. There are tricks in all trades as you know, and I took advantage of one that I had learned while attending business college and I applied it to my opponent. I tickled him in the ribs and made him laugh. My, oh, my, how he laughed, and while he was laughing I made him run. I made him run for more than three blocks, but he caught me. Then another fellow stepped in and parted us or I don't know what would have happened. I really don't know what I would have done to him. I was quite fatigued from the exertion, I assure you. I hadn't had anything to eat for seven days, and you know that makes one weak. (*Week.*)

You will understand fully that I have troubles of my own when I tell you that I am married. Her name—that is, her given name—she took three or four others before I got her—her name when I married her was Helen Summer, but it's the same in fall, spring and winter. We've been married nine years, seventeen months, eleven weeks, sixty-eight days and an hour and a half, and have fifteen children. There are nine boys, four females and three or four other children. We live on the outskirts of the town. That is right along the outside seam, as it were. It is a typical sunburden—I mean, suburban home. Fifteen kids, two dogs and a fence runs around the house. In the house there are two chairs, running water and running stairways. When you

are up-stairs they run down and when you are down-stairs they run up. The kids do the same thing.

My wife's mother resides with us. She's my mother-in-law. Before we were married, that is, when I got married, I promised to love, honor and obey. I am just beginning to discover that that referred to my mother-in-law and not my wife. Anyway, I remember before we were married I would sit for hours and hours and hold my sweetheart's hands. I had to, to tell the truth, to keep her from picking my pockets. She does now. You have all heard of the camel going through the eye of a needle. Well, the camel didn't have a thing on my wife. You ought to see her go through my pockets at night. Besides that, there was the rent to pay, the grocer to pay, the coal man to pay, and now my mother-in-law is here there is Hel—Helen is our hired girl, you know. But we get along fairly well, considering. I call my mother-in-law "ma." Of course, you understand, I call her other things as well but I don't let her hear me. It isn't exactly safe. Last week she ate a lot of oysters fried in sauerkraut and egg plant and then felt somewhat indisposed. I called in a doctor. He thought at first it was ptomaine poison but we looked at her feet and her toes seemed to be all right. After he looked at her pulse and took her tongue I called him to one side and said, "Doc, I want to know how she is." So the doctor led me down to the cellar and told me that she was as good as dead. Well, I heartily thanked him—or rather, I said that I was sorry and went up and gave her a dead cat to play with while I sat on the foot of the bed and endeavored to cry. It was a very difficult job but I got away with it. She hung the cat on the head of the bed and wrapped her arms around my neck four or five times and said, "My boy, I'm going to die, but we shall meet in the other world." The next day I joined the church.

But the next day she began getting better and I began getting sick. I went up to see a great specialist. When I walked into his office he laid down the *Police Gazette* and said, "Good-morning, do you want me to treat

you?" I looked around a little suspicious and then whispered, "I don't mind if you have anything handy." He said, "No, no, you do not understand. You have had a great disappointment." I don't know yet how he knew that my mother-in-law got well. Then he said, "I will look you over for twenty dollars." I told him to go ahead but if he found the twenty I wanted half of it. So he looked me over and took my pulse and he took my blood pressure, and he took my temperature; in fact, he took everything I had except my departure, and I took that.

I went home and got into bed and told my wife that I was sick and needed a regular doctor. When the doctor came I saw right away it was the same doctor that docced mother-in-law. I guess his conscience hurt him some for the way he had helped her and he said he was sorry that he had not done a better job.

When I got up and around again the boys at the lodge gave a party and invited me. It was a swell affair. Nearly everybody wore full-dress suits. Those that didn't have full-dress suits got full and wore their other clothes. It was about three o'clock when I got home. I didn't want to arouse my dear little woman so I went quietly up the stairs and into our room and started to rock the cradle. I sat there and rocked the cradle until the clock struck four. Then my little woman woke up and looked at me suspiciously. "How long have you been sitting there?" she asked me. I didn't want to arouse her ire, so to speak, by letting her know how late it was that I got home, so I said, "Why, the baby started to cry about eleven o'clock and I've been rocking it ever since." Then she sits up in bed and I knew there was a home brew starting to brew in our Home Sweet Home. "You big boob," she says, very unpleasant-like, "the baby is in bed here with me!"

(Quick exit.)

CURTAIN

FARCES AND COMEDIES



THE NONSENSE SCHOOL

THE NONSENSE SCHOOL

A Burlesque School Act for Male Quartet

CHARACTERS

THE TEACHER, *who burlesques the part.*

LEVI, *the Hebrew scholar.*

HIRAM, *the rural scholar.*

GEORGE, *the colored scholar.*

COSTUMES—*To suit the characters.*

TIME OF PLAYING—Twenty minutes.

SCENE—Schoolroom. Teacher's desk and three scholars' desks.

THE NONSENSE SCHOOL

SCENE.—*Schoolroom. Teacher's desk is on left stage, facing right stage and about half-way down stage. The other three desks are arranged one behind the other, facing the teacher.*

(At rise of curtain the scholars are in their seats and the teacher is standing directly in front of them, keeping time with yardstick. Quartet is singing "The Bulldog.")

SONG. Oh! the bulldog on the bank, etc.

(At finish of song teacher goes to his desk. While his back is turned to scholars LEVI sticks GEORGE in leg with pin.)

GEORGE. Ouch!

TEACHER *(turning quickly)*. What's up?

GEORGE. It ain't what's up, it's what's in. *(Rubs leg.)*

LEVI. Honest, Teachair, I didn't stick him mit a pin.

TEACHER. Who said anybody stuck him with a pin?

LEVI. I don't know. Vas it?

TEACHER. Was it what?

LEVI. I don't know; just vas it, dot's all.

TEACHER *(hammers desk with yardstick)*. I want silence, and not very much of that. Hiram, do you know your geography lesson?

HIRAM. Uh huh.

TEACHER. Don't say "Uh huh." Say "Yes, sir."

HIRAM. Yes, ma'am.

TEACHER *(looking over glasses)*. Do I look like a ma'am?

HIRAM. Yes, sir.

TEACHER. Shut up! Stand up. Which direction does the Mississlopi River run?

HIRAM. Down.

TEACHER. Down where?

HIRAM. Down hill, you gink!

TEACHER (*jumping up*). What did you say?

HIRAM (*meekly*). I said, down hill, I think.

TEACHER. Sit down. (HIRAM *sits*.) Stand up. (*He pops up*.) Where does the Mississlopi River empty into and why does it?

HIRAM. It empties into the Guluf.

TEACHER. You mean Gulf.

HIRAM. I can't say "Gulf."

TEACHER. Correct. Sit down. (HIRAM *sits*.) Levi, stand up.

LEVI (*rising*). All right, Teachair.

TEACHER. Don't all right me. I'm not all right. (*Scholars laugh. TEACHER hammers desk*.) Levi, how many people have settled in this country?

LEVI. I don't know, Teachair. Lots of dem owe mine fadder und dey ain't seddled yet. Ain't it?

TEACHER. Correct. Sit down. (LEVI *sits*.) George, stand up. (GEORGE *rises*.) Can you tell what the Pilgrims did after they arrived in this country?

GEORGE. Dey done raised chickens, boss.

TEACHER. You big bunch of tar, you can't boss me. Furthermore, what kind of chickens did they raise?

GEORGE. Plymouth Rocks.

HIRAM (*laughs very loudly. Then in falsetto voice*). I thought I'd pass away.

TEACHER. Just for that you may stay after school twice to-night. George, did you learn that song I gave you?

GEORGE. Yes, ma'am—yes, sah.

(GEORGE *steps briskly to center front and sings any appropriate song. Others join in on chorus. At the end of the song all take their seats.*)

TEACHER. Levi, stand up.

LEVI (*standing*). I t'ink so, Teachair.

TEACHER. You think what?

LEVI. I don't know, Teachair; I shust t'ink, dot's all.

TEACHER. If you just think, then what is two and one?

LEVI. Shoe polish.

HIRAM. Shoe polish! My, what a shining scholar.

TEACHER (*ignoring HIRAM*). Levi, you're correct; stand up.

LEVI. But, Teachair, I vas already up, yes?

TEACHER. Well, then, sit down, do *something*.

(LEVI *sits*.)

(HIRAM *puts dummy frog down GEORGE'S back. GEORGE jumps up and runs around yelling.*)

GEORGE. Fo' de Lawd's sake, dere's something scootin' down mah back!

HIRAM (*to TEACHER*). 'Tain't none of his business; (*Indicating GEORGE.*) it was my frog.

(*They all grab GEORGE, stand him on his head and shake dummy frog out of his shirt. GEORGE starts to hit HIRAM with book, but when the TEACHER hammers desk with yardstick order is restored.*)

TEACHER. Hiram, you are going to keep things up until I suspend you.

HIRAM. That's the way my uncle died.

TEACHER. What?

HIRAM. Yes, they suspended him on the end of a rope.

LEVI. Maybe, yes, he hung around too mooch.

TEACHER (*rapping for order*). George, where is Atlanta, Georgia?

GEORGE. I done knowed whar it were las' night.

TEACHER. Well, don't you know now?

GEORGE. No, suh. I done tol' mah brudder, now I don't know. I reckon mayby it am Kokomo, Pennsylv-tucky.

TEACHER. Correct. (HIRAM *puts corncob pipe in mouth and sticks feet out in aisle.*) Hiram, take that

pipe out of your mouth and put your feet in. Levi, where is Italy?

LEVI. I t'ink, Teachair, dot half off it vas in New York, ain't it?

TEACHER. That's right, but you're wrong. George, stand up. (GEORGE *stands.*) Spell "wrong."

GEORGE. R-o-n-g. (*Starts to sit down.*)

TEACHER. Wait a minute. That's wrong.

GEORGE. Ain't dat what you done ast me to spell?

TEACHER. But you spelled "wrong" wrong.

GEORGE. How come what?

TEACHER. I say you spelled "wrong" wrong. You didn't spell "wrong" right.

GEORGE (*confused*). I done spelled "wrong" wrong bekase I didn't spell "wrong" right. How kin I spell "wrong" right when de right way to spell "right" am r-i-t.

TEACHER. That isn't even the way to spell "right." You didn't spell "wrong" right, and now you've spelled "right" wrong. Now, which is right?

GEORGE. Fo' de goodness sake, man, you done got me all fuzzled up now. If I'm right I'm wrong an' if I'm wrong I'm right. Eberyfing what is ain't an' what ain't is.

TEACHER. You're not as dumb as you look. You're dumber. Can you spell "nut"?

GEORGE. N-t.

TEACHER. Didn't you leave something out?

GEORGE (*thinks a moment and then grins*). Yes, suh, I did. I done left "U" (you) out.

TEACHER. Correct; sit down. (GEORGE *does. Then TEACHER thinks how GEORGE'S remark sounded. Business of embarrassment and hammering of desk for order.*) Hiram, have you learned your song yet?

GEORGE. Gosh, I knew that when Hector was a pup. (*He steps briskly to center front and sings a good "rube" song, the others joining in to best advantage. At the end of song they resume their seats.*)

TEACHER. Levi, how much are six and four?

LEVI (*thinking*). About 'leven, Teachair.

TEACHER. About nothing. How much is it?

LEVI. Dirtteen, maybe, ain't it?

TEACHER. No, it ain'ted. Think real hard, now. How much are six and four?

LEVI. Nine, yes?

TEACHER. No, it isn't nine. I'll tell you what it is. Six and four are ten.

LEVI. Oy, Teachair, dot gant be ten, not six und four.

TEACHER. Well, why can't six and four be ten?

LEVI. Because dot iss vot five und five iss.

TEACHER (*scratching head*). Levi, I believe you're right. Now tell me while you are up, where was the Declaration of Independence signed?

LEVI. Vhere de Declapendence off Inderation vas signed?

TEACHER. Yes.

LEVI. De Declapendence off Inderation vas signed at de bottom.

TEACHER. If you were twice as smart as you are you'd know something. Now, who was Patrick Henry and what did he do?

LEVI. Patrick Henry vas a young man vot had a shoe store in—in—some place und he had blue eyes, maybe, und light hair. Und den he gotted married und said, "Giff me Liberty or giff me debts," ain't it?

TEACHER. That's so good it's rotten. Hiram, stand up. (HIRAM *stands*.) Spell "conceit."

HIRAM. C-o-n-c-i-e-t.

TEACHER. No; you have the "e" and "i" transposed. Remember this always: "i" before "e" except after "c." (*Starts to move hands in swinging motion and repeats in sing-song fashion.*) "I" before "e" except after "c"; "i" before "e" except after "c." (*Gets hands swinging rhythmically and repeats the above until the scholars take it up, repeating the phrase and swinging their arms in unison. Suddenly the TEACHER becomes conscious of their actions and hammers desk with yard-stick.*) Hiram, what is the meaning of the word "conceit"?

HIRAM. A con-ceit is a seat where the conductor sets on.

TEACHER. Same as usual; wrong again. Let me explain. If I were to say to you that I was the smartest teacher in the country, that I considered myself the most learned man in the world, or if I told you that I was the most handsome man in this state, what would you say I was?

HIRAM. A gosh durn liar!

(TEACHER jumps up flustered, and HIRAM quickly takes his seat. TEACHER tries to talk but is too flustered. He waves stick and moves lips but says nothing.)

TEACHER *(after getting control of himself)*. Hiram, I'm going to tell your father about you calling me a liar.

HIRAM. Gosh, Teacher, he'll tell you the same thing.

TEACHER. Shut up! George, stand up. *(GEORGE does so.)* Who discovered America?

GEORGE. Ohio.

TEACHER. Huh?

GEORGE. Ohio discovered America, he did.

TEACHER. Columbus discovered America.

GEORGE. I know dat. Ohio were his last name.

TEACHER. And how did Columbus get over here?

GEORGE. He done come on a raft.

TEACHER. No, you are wrong. He had a boat and a sail.

LEVI. For vhy did he haff a sale, vas he a bankrupt?

TEACHER. Columbus sailed for days and days and days —

HIRAM. Did he go to a hotel at night?

TEACHER. Yes—of course he didn't. He sailed and sailed onward to—he knew not where.

HIRAM. He must have been pretty doggon drunk.

TEACHER. Sure he was—he was not! He didn't have anything to drink on the boat. Now, Levi, what was the first thing Columbus did when he reached land?

LEVI. He vent to a saloon.

HIRAM. He's right, Teacher, he wanted to see the schooners cross the bar.

TEACHER (*in disgust*). Oh, what's the use? Levi, you are such a smart dumbhead, perhaps you can tell about George Washington. Stand up.

LEVI (*standing*). George Crossington he vashed de Delamavare at two o'clock und signed de—de—de vot iss it—I don't know, und he took de old man's axe and shopped a hole mit de cherry tree in und said, "Fadder, I cannot tell de truth, I'm a liar." Den de old man vas so mad dot he run around in squvare circles und ketched George und locked him in de pawn shop. But George vas a smart poy, I guess so, und got de chicken pox und broke out und vas president. Dot's right. (*Sits.*)

TEACHER. Dot's right; it is not.

LEVI. Ain't it?

TEACHER. No!

LEVI. Dot's nice.

(*He steps center and sings a Hebrew song. Then he resumes his seat.*)

TEACHER. Do you feel better now?

LEVI. Maybe.

TEACHER. Give an example of a long sentence.

LEVI. Life imprisonment.

TEACHER. What is an island?

LEVI. A island, Teachair, iss a shunk of dirt mit vater all around. Vater, vater eferyvhere und no place to go.

TEACHER. Correct. Now what is a peninsular?

LEVI. Dot iss almost de same t'ing but it ain't.

TEACHER. Correct. Now, what is a strait?

LEVI (*thinks. Gets idea*). I know, Teachair. It iss t'ree, four, five, six und seven off spades. Yes?

TEACHER. Sit down. If brains were money you wouldn't have enough to buy a stick of gum. I doubt if you know what three and one are.

LEVI. Yes, I do, Teachair. I know vot t'ree und vun iss.

TEACHER. Well, what is three and one?

LEVI. Machine oil. (*Sits.*)

TEACHER (*makes helpless gesture*). George, what is a strait?

GEORGE. A straight am something what ain't crooked.

HIRAM (*very loudly*).

I got a gal so skinny and tall,
She sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall.

(TEACHER *throws yardstick at him. All rise and come down stage singing lively quartet song. While singing the curtain shuts them off from schoolroom. At finish of song they exeunt, using their own judgment in acknowledging the applause.*)

CURTAIN

A HERO THERE WAS

A HERO THERE WAS

A Farce in One Act.

a Black out.

CHARACTERS

JIMMIE O'DEAN, *a World War veteran.*

CARROLL, *his sister.*

HARRY MCFARREN, *a veteran who didn't get over.*

TIME—Any time now.

SCENE—Any furnished room.

TIME OF PLAYING—About fifteen minutes.

Modern costumes.

PROPERTIES—Rough suit, bushy beard, revolver for
JIMMIE.

A HERO THERE WAS

SCENE.—*A plainly furnished room; living-room preferred. May be elaborately furnished if desired but this is optional.*

(At rise of curtain no one is on stage. Enter CARROLL door R., swinging hat in hand. Throws hat in chair, nonchalantly picks up magazine and thumbs pages. JIMMIE enters vivaciously door R. Stops inside door.)

JIMMIE. 'Lo, Sis. What do you know for sure?

CARROLL *(smiling pleasantly)*. Just about that much.

JIMMIE. Got something for you, Sis.

CARROLL *(very much interested)*. What?

JIMMIE *(teasingly)*. Guess.

CARROLL *(laughing)*. A bulldog or a husband?

JIMMIE. Nope; it isn't a bulldog. And I'd have a swell time finding you a husband. You know what you said: You wouldn't marry anyone except a hero of the war, and they're nearly all taken up.

CARROLL. And I meant it, too. But what did you bring me? *(Goes to JIMMIE.)* Please, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Shut your eyes and hold out your hand. *(She obeys. He draws wrist-watch from pocket and snaps it on her wrist. She looks, then gives a little scream of delight.)* I didn't forget your birthday, did I?

CARROLL *(hugging and kissing him)*. Oh, you wonderful brother! If you weren't my brother I'd fall right in love with you. I know I would for sure.

JIMMIE *(laughing)*. But Sis, I'm not a hero.

CARROLL. Then how did you come to get your Croix de Guerre? And those other medals?

JIMMIE. Oh, those were just for good behavior.

(Suddenly.) Gee, Sis! I nearly forgot to tell you. We're going to have a week-end visitor.

CARROLL. Who?

JIMMIE. Harry's coming.

CARROLL. That's surely definite. Who is Harry?

JIMMIE. Why, Harry McFarren, of course. You've heard me speak of him. He's an old schoolmate of mine. Played on the same team and everything. Great old guy, Harry. Full of concentrated Hades from head to foot. Good sport, too. Sticks to a friend through fire and boiling water. Good looking, Sis. You just fall for him, he's a bird.

CARROLL. H'm! I'd, at least, like to have an opportunity of looking him over before falling.

JIMMIE. You'll have that opportunity soon enough and then you can set your cap for him and sort of draw him on.

CARROLL. What!

JIMMIE. No offense, Sis; just kind of make eyes at him.

CARROLL (*haughtily*). Oh, is that so? Draw him on. Make eyes at him. You've certainly got a good opinion of your sister. Why don't you ——

JIMMIE. Now, listen, Sis ——

CARROLL. I don't care. Why don't you come right out and class me with a common every-day vamp, and ——

JIMMIE. I didn't mean that ——

CARROLL. Then what did you mean? Why, I'm ashamed of you. Why—you—you —— (*Happens to notice watch on her wrist.*) Oh, Jimmie! (*Embraces him.*) I'm a lucky girl to have such a wonderful brother.

JIMMIE. You're right; I admit it, myself.

CARROLL. Is Mr.—Mr. McFarren a—a hero?

JIMMIE. Is Harry a hero? (*Somewhat stumped but endeavors to make up a good lie.*) Why, he is the hero of heroes. Why, he was a heroic hero, Harry was. Why—why, he was a greater hero than—than—than Leander.

CARROLL. Than who?

JIMMIE. Leander. You know, the guy that swam the Hellespont to see the priestess of Aphrodite at Sestos—or something like that.

CARROLL (*very much interested*). Oh, Jimmie, tell me about Harry—I mean, Mr. McFarren.

JIMMIE (*somewhat dramatically*). I dare not tell you much concerning his exploits. He would not approve. Harry is very modest. He is not one of those boastful and presumptuous fellows. He doesn't talk much about himself, but what little he does say can be depended upon to be the truth, and nothing but the truth.

CARROLL. And did he get a Croix de Guerre, too?

JIMMIE (*gaining confidence in his lying*). Did he get a Croix-de-Guerre? Sis, Harry has enough medals and Croix-de-Guerres to break his back carrying them around. Why, he has to pay excess baggage to ship them from one place to another.

CARROLL. But, Jimmie, what did he do to win such laurels?

JIMMIE. What did he do? Why—he —— (*Playing for time.*) You mean what he did do?

CARROLL. Yes, what did he do?

JIMMIE. You mean, what did he do to win the honors?

CARROLL. Yes, yes.

JIMMIE (*taking oratory pose*). It was at Chateau Thierry. The Boches had completely surrounded and cut off Harry's platoon ——

CARROLL (*horror stricken*). Cut off his what?

JIMMIE. His platoon, his body of men. You see, Harry was a First Looney. His platoon had dwindled down to twenty men, but still they fought on. As I said, the Boches had them surrounded and outnumbered them ten to one and then some. It was an awful predicament. Did Harry desert his men to their fate and seek a shell hole? He did not! He stood right up in their midst and encouraged them, urged them on. But he knew they would not stop, for they were Americans, unbeaten Yanks. His platoon was getting smaller and smaller until only three men and himself remained, but he would

not surrender. He was covered with wounds from head to foot and still he fought on. His trusty .45 belched forth death in the face of the stubborn Boche until at last the hammer fell on empty shells. He had run out of ammunition. Most men in his position would have given up, but this was Harry McFarren, and he fought on and on and on. (*Speaks very rapidly.*) Discovering his ammunition exhausted he cast the gat aside and leaping into the midst of the enemy he grabbed two at a time and knocked their together—and knocked their heads together. Pair after pair he treated in the same manner until sixty-two Germans lay insensible at his feet. (*Sadly.*) And then he crumpled to the ground exhausted.

CARROLL. Oh, Jimmie, did he live?

JIMMIE. I have a very strong suspicion that he did. He is coming here to-day. In fact, he ought to be here now.

CARROLL. Ooh! And I must dress.

(*She kisses JIMMIE and exits door L. JIMMIE heaves a sigh of relief, sits in chair and laughs heartily. Hears knock at door R.*)

JIMMIE. Come in.

(*HARRY opens door R. and cautiously looks in.*)

HARRY. Merry Christmas and lots of them.

JIMMIE (*leaping to feet*). Hel-lo, Harry, you old son-of-a-gun! Come on in. (*HARRY enters and they shake hands.*) Haven't seen you for an age. Sit down. (*HARRY sits.*) How's everything? Gosh, Harry, I haven't seen you since before the war.

HARRY. It has been a long time, hasn't it?

JIMMIE. You were in the service during the big scrap, weren't you?

HARRY. Oh, yes, I was in the infantry for awhile.

JIMMIE. Good! Get bunged up any?

HARRY. Yep; got vaccinated and inoculated and had the flu.

JIMMIE. Didn't stop any shrapnel or Berthas, did you?

HARRY. Didn't have much opportunity for that rough stuff.

JIMMIE. How come? Didn't you see any active service?

HARRY. Not quite. Didn't even get over.

JIMMIE (*giving a yelp*). You didn't get over?

HARRY. Why, no; I was just out of luck like a lot of the others. Did a lot of squads east and west and peeled spuds, but stayed on this side.

JIMMIE. Oh, boy, I've got my foot in it right. And you didn't get over?

HARRY. No, I didn't get over. ~~Can't you understand English? I—didn't get—over! No—not—nix!~~ Why all the excitement?

JIMMIE (*looking cautiously toward door L.*). Listen, big boy, you've got to carry through what I started. Furthermore, it's for your benefit.

HARRY (*looking sharply at JIMMIE*). When you were discharged from the army were you pronounced mentally normal? What's the matter with you, anyway?

JIMMIE. It's like this, Harry. I've got a wonderful sister. I used to tell you about her when she wasn't much more than a kid. And your being the best pal I ever had I wanted you two to be the best of friends. You never met her because she's been away to school so much. Now, every girl has a hobby, and Carroll's hobby is to dote over heroes. Just as soon as I mentioned your coming here she wanted to know if you were a hero.

HARRY. And what kind of a line did you hand her, Jim?

JIMMIE. Oh, I told her you were.

HARRY (*laughing*). And by what authority did you inform this lady of my heroism?

JIMMIE. Just the authority of friendship, my dear Harry. Isn't that sufficient?

HARRY. You might be kind enough to inform me where I displayed this, or these feats of bravery.

JIMMIE. At Chateau Thierry.

HARRY (*aghast*). At where?

JIMMIE. At Chateau Thierry.

HARRY. And—I—never—even—got—across! Oh, ye gods! What did I do?

JIMMIE. Why, you did a lot. You were a First Lieutenant, and ——

HARRY. I was a first who ~~what~~ ——? Say, Jim, do you know what my rank was in the army?

JIMMIE. Pardon me, Harry, if I have underestimated your position, but I didn't think you were higher than a First Looney.

HARRY. The highest rank that I ever held was a rank known as a buck private, and most of the time was spent peeling spuds, otherwise referred to as K. P. So form your own conclusions.

JIMMIE (*thinking a moment*). I think we can get by with it. Sis was a nurse on this side but she doesn't know much about what happened over there. So carry it through, Harry. You were always noted for being a good liar.

HARRY. Thanks for the compliment, but what did you tell her I did?

JIMMIE. Well, you were wounded from head to foot and you lost all your men and then you fell exhausted after you bumped the enemy's heads together, and ——

(CARROLL *enters door L.*)

CARROLL. Oh, Jimmie, ~~where is~~ ——

(*Sees HARRY and stops short, admiring him. She seems to recognize him but says nothing.*)

JIMMIE (*introducing*). Carroll, allow me to present my old friend, Harry McFarren. (CARROLL and HARRY *acknowledge introduction.*) We were just discussing old times, weren't we, Harry?

HARRY. Huh, huh.

CARROLL. Brother has been telling me so much about your heroism.

HARRY (*looks helplessly at JIMMIE*). JIMMIE *nods head*

encouragingly). It was nothing, I assure you, Miss O'Dean; I only did my duty.

CARROLL. Oh, I just love heroes. Won't you please tell me all about the sixty-two insensible men?

HARRY (*bewildered*). Huh?

CARROLL. You know, the ones who had their heads knocked together.

HARRY (*brightening up*). Oh, yes. (*Looks straight ahead while talking.*) It happened down on 22nd Street near the car barns. (*JIMMIE registers a puzzled expression but HARRY does not see him.*) The bunch had been having a high old time all evening when someone walloped Shorty Gleason on the nut with a brick. Well, that started the fireworks and there was something doing.

(*JIMMIE and CARROLL look at each other puzzled.*)

JIMMIE (*interrupting*). That isn't the time I mean, Harry. Don't you remember the forty-seven Hun heads you bumped together?

CARROLL. I thought it was sixty-two, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. It was before he got through but this was before he finished. Tell her about that, Harry.

HARRY (*floundering*). You mean—a—you mean——

JIMMIE. Certainly. You see, Sis, how modest he is. That time, Harry, at Chateau Thierry when you stood alone with the enemy on all sides. Tell in your own words just how it happened.

HARRY. Just how did it happen?

JIMMIE. Remember you had charge of a platoon——
(*Listens.*) Excuse me, I think I heard the 'phone.

(*JIMMIE exits door L.*)

CARROLL (*coyly*). Please, Mr. McFarren, won't you tell me?

(*JIMMIE opens door L. slightly and listens a moment, nods head, disappears and closes door.*)

HARRY (*boldly and dramatically*). It was in the early morning; the golden sun had just gotten through setting

behind the hills yonder for awhile. Fleecy-white black thunder clouds were hovering hither and thither between here and there and in the sky above. Birds sang peacefully and the world was tranquil and undisturbed except for the fact that the enemy had us surrounded on all sides as well as in front, and on our right, and on our left. Cannon were belching forth their messages of havoc and destruction. It was very annoying. We, my men and I, their Lieutenant, were peacefully sleeping in a wooded dell not far away—that is, near at hand,—one might say, in close proximity—when the order came for us to awaken and defend ourselves. Under the circumstances what could we do otherwise? What could we do? I don't know. So we did. We awakened. It was the only thing to do. We couldn't defend ourselves while asleep, could we? Of course not. My men were exhausted and fatigued and didn't feel good, they didn't. Neither one of them felt like fighting, but they were true Americans and loyal to their Captain. (*Strikes chest.*) Grasping a club in each hand and a rifle in the other I gave the command, "Onward, brave men, into the valley of death they rode"—walked—I should say, run. Then it started to rain. We had forgotten our umbrellas—I mean, ponchos, and my men were separated from me—apart we were—not together, as it were. And there I stood, a Major, without any men. My heart sank—sunk—descended. What could I do? What could I do, and still save my men—no, not my men—I didn't have any—my country! That was it, my country! The enemy was closing in—getting nearer and nearer and closer—they were crowding me rude-like—thousands of them. I lost my hat—ye gods! What could I do? My hat was gone and my head was bare. But even so as it was I fought on with that stubborn ferocity that had been handed down to me by my forefathers and seven uncles. I was wounded from head to foot and in between, and I had lost my hat. I was in a very unpleasant predicament and I realized that my time had come—arrived—was here. But no! I still held the trump card up my sleeve—no, not my sleeve, my pocket—that was it, my

pocket—I remember now, I'd forgotten to put on my sleeves. The enemy fiendishly laughed, ha! ha! right in my very face. Very impolite. And then with unexpected taciturnity I played the trump card. I threw pepper in their eyes. There isn't much more to tell. They started to sneeze. Then they sneezed and sneezed and sneezed, and thus in their sudden, spasmodic expiration of breath they bumped their heads together, knocking one another unconscious at my very feet. 'Twas awful! That is all I remember. Everything turned black before my eyes.

CARROLL (*repeating dramatically*). Everything turned black.

HARRY. Everything turned black.

CARROLL (*suppressing a desire to laugh*). And you were decorated?

HARRY. Yes, I was covered with—with wreaths of—of—of carnations and sweet peas.

CARROLL. I just love heroes.

HARRY. Miss O'Dean, I only did my duty.

CARROLL (*meaningly*). Yes, I know. Most of the boys at Camp Devens did their duty, too.

HARRY (*wildly*). What?

(CARROLL laughs heartily while HARRY registers extreme uneasiness. JIMMIE, impersonating burglar, enters door L., brandishing revolver.)

JIMMIE (*roughly*). Hands up! (HARRY jumps. CARROLL screams with fright.) Come across wid de valuables and be quick about it!

(HARRY sizes up the situation quickly, makes a flying leap and lands on JIMMIE, jerks gun away from him and in general treats him very roughly.)

CARROLL (*frightened*). Oh, Harry! Harry!

(HARRY finally throws JIMMIE and bumps latter's head up and down on floor. In the struggle HARRY pulls JIMMIE's beard off. Gets to feet and stands staring

foolishly at beard and JIMMIE. CARROLL does likewise. JIMMIE rises to feet and laughs. Others join.)

HARRY (*still puzzled*). But what's the big idea?

JIMMIE. To be frank with you, Harry, I saw right away that Sis didn't fall for that lie I told you to tell, and I wanted to prove to her that you had some heroism in your make-up.

CARROLL (*offering HARRY her hand*). The reason that a lot of our boys weren't heroes was simply because they didn't have an opportunity.

HARRY. Why did you doubt our story?

CARROLL. Because I knew you were never overseas. I nursed you awhile at Camp Devens when you were dead to the world with the flu.

JIMMIE (*laughing heartily and making for the door* R.). Harry, let's go out and play soldier.

HARRY (*throwing hat at him*). You go to —

CARROLL (*putting her hand over HARRY'S mouth*). Harry!

HARRY (*continuing*). The dickens!

QUICK CURTAIN

A NICE QUIET EVENING

A NICE QUIET EVENING

A Farce in One Act.

CHARACTERS

JOHN TREMONT, *the husband.*

HELEN, *the wife.*

GEORGE, *the colored janitor.*

TIM, *the police officer.*

THE NEIGHBOR, *can be doubled by TIM.*

TIME—Present.

SCENE—Living-room.

TIME OF PLAYING—About twenty minutes.

Modern costumes.

PROPERTIES—Newspaper, knitting material, football with four-foot rope attached.

A NICE QUIET EVENING

SCENE.—*A living-room.*

(Curtain discovers JOHN, wearing smoking jacket and slippers, sitting in easy chair smoking pipe. Enter HELEN by the door R., wearing a kitchen apron.)

HELEN. Why, John dear, I thought you said you were going to the club this evening?

JOHN. That was my intention, my dear, but I've come to the conclusion that I have been spending altogether too many evenings away from home. To tell you the truth, Helen, I've been selfish, thinking only of my own pleasures and forgetting how lonesome you must get staying home here evening after evening alone.

HELEN *(goes to JOHN and puts her arms about his neck)*. And so my dear boy is going to stay home with his loving little wifey to-night, eh?

JOHN *(takes her hands)*. Yes, dear, we will spend what is known as a nice quiet evening at home. *(HELEN starts removing apron and exits door R. JOHN settles deeper in chair, registering complete comfort. Telephone rings. JOHN crosses room and answers it. JOHN 'phoning.)* Hello—what? No, you have the wrong number. *(Hangs up receiver, goes back to chair and relights pipe. Telephone rings and he again answers it.)* Hello—yes. Mr. Barret? Oh, hello, Harry, how are you? Thanks a lot, Harry, but I don't think we had better come over this evening. The wife has a headache and I'm nearly all in myself. Big day to-day. Yes. Some other time, Harry. Good-bye.

(Hangs up receiver, goes back to chair and relights pipe. Just gets comfortably settled in chair when he hears rap at door L. He goes to door and opens it.)

A VOICE (*off stage*). Is this where Mr. Smith lives?

JOHN. No, they live in the next flat west.

A VOICE (*off stage*). Thank you.

(JOHN *heaves a sigh, closes door, goes back to chair and relights pipe and settles back comfortably once more. HELEN enters, takes chair near library table and starts to knit, humming softly, while JOHN starts to doze. Finally HELEN stops knitting and registers deep thought, followed by excitement.*)

HELEN. John!!

JOHN (*startled*). Huh?

HELEN (*excitedly*). Oh, John, I just happened to think ——

JOHN. Did you?

HELEN. I just happened to remember that I bought a new hat to-day and didn't pay for it!

JOHN (*not very interested*). That isn't such a catastrophe, is it?

HELEN. But I didn't do it intentionally.

JOHN. If you didn't buy a hat intentionally, what did you buy it for?

HELEN. But I did buy the hat intentionally.

JOHN. Then what did you do that wasn't intentional?

HELEN. Carrying it off without paying for it.

JOHN. Oh, I see, you want me to pay for it.

HELEN. Please, dear, don't be silly. This is serious. After I purchased the hat the girl put it in the box and while she was doing something else I walked out with it, and now I remember I didn't pay for it. Oh, John, what if they should think that I am a shoplifter.

JOHN. If they had thought that, you would be peeking through the bars by now.

HELEN. Oh, but the store was crowded, and by the time the girl discovered that I had left I was lost in the crowd.

JOHN (*laughing*). Then you should worry. If they don't know who you are you'll not have to pay for the hat.

HELEN. But they do know who I am. I told the girl to have the hat delivered and gave her my address and then decided to bring it home myself. Oh, John, I know something dreadful is going to happen.

(Someone raps on door L. HELEN jumps up nervously, spilling her knitting material on the floor.)

JOHN. Come in.

(GEORGE enters. HELEN sinks back in chair with a sigh of relief.)

GEORGE. Ah begs pa'don fo' de infusion, Mista Tremon', but yo' pa't ob de garage am all fixed up hunkadory now, an' yo' all kin put yo' ca' in to-morrow.

JOHN. All right, George, you're a good janitor, and I thank you very much.

GEORGE. Yassir. *(GEORGE exits door L.)*

JOHN. What's the matter, dear, are you nervous?

HELEN. Oh, John, that hat—that hat worries me. What if they should have me arrested for shoplifting? Just think of the disgrace of being arrested and accused of stealing a hat. What would the neighbors think? What would all our friends think? Oh, John —

(She starts to cry. JOHN goes to her and tries to pacify her.)

JOHN. Now there's no necessity of you worrying about that hat. The store is closed by now, but you telephone to the manager the first thing in the morning and explain things and tell him to send a collector down here and you will settle in full for said hat. Now stop —

(Someone raps at door L. HELEN is terrified. JOHN opens door and TIM strides in, pushing JOHN to one side.)

TIM *(roughly)*. Where is it?

(HELEN rushes to JOHN.)

HELEN. Oh, John, I told you something would happen!

TIM. Come on, where is it?

JOHN. Would you kindly inform us what you are after?

TIM. You know what I'm after just as well as I do. Don't try to come any of that bluffin' stuff. It's here and I want you to produce. Get me? Even if you can bluff, your wife can't. Look at her. A woman can't keep a secret.

HELEN. It's in the box, John —

TIM. I thought so. Now where's the box? Come on with the box. It's just one of two things. You git the box out or you'll be telling the judge why —

(GEORGE enters door L.)

GEORGE (*to officer*). Mista Ossifer, de sargent downstairs done tol' me to tell yo' dat dis am de wrong flat. He said as how de hootch joint w'ot yo' am lookin' fo' am in de nex' block. [GEORGE exits.

TIM (*reluctantly backing toward door L.*). Maybe this ain't the right place, and I've got to obey orders, but it appears everything ain't just exactly right in this flat.

[Exits, leaving door L. open.

HELEN (*holding tight to JOHN*). Oh, John!

JOHN. There, there, dear, it's all right. Where did you buy that awful hat?

HELEN. At the Paris Style Shop.

JOHN. The proprietor, Mr. Thomas, is an old buddy of mine. I'll call him and relieve your mind. (*Goes to telephone and calls.*) Give me Main 5-6-7-8..... Hello, Mr. Thomas? This is Mr. Tremont speaking. My wife bought a hat of you to-day, and forgot to pay for it. Now she's worried for fear you will think she is a shoplifter.....That's what I told her.....Yes.....send your collector around to-morrow. Good-bye. (*Hangs up 'phone.*) There you are, dear, everything settled. Mr. Thomas said the girl made a charge against you the same as any of their old customers. This evening at home is not so quiet after all.

(He takes HELEN to her chair, and then goes to his chair, relights his pipe, and settles back comfortably once more. HELEN picks knitting material from floor and while setting it on table an item in the newspaper catches her eye.)

HELEN. John.

JOHN. Yeah.

HELEN. It says in the paper that the Bolsheviki Terrorists are threatening destruction to the entire United States.

JOHN. Pooh! More newspaper talk.

HELEN. It says here that Federal officers have rounded up a number of the Terrorists and their propaganda, and that they have well-laid plans for bombing any building occupied by people not in sympathy with them.

JOHN *(showing interest)*. Of course, I'm not in sympathy with them, but our Government will nip their plans in the bud as they always do. *(JOHN looks around and notices door L. is open. He registers slight nervousness.)* Who opened that door?

(He rises and starts toward door.)

HELEN. The paper goes on to say that the Terrorists have figured out that instead of blowing up factories and such, that they can accomplish more by getting into the homes of the Anti-Bolsheviki and destroying them there.

JOHN *(going toward door L.)*. I—I think that editor must have had a pipe dream.

(Just as he reaches the door a football with a four-foot rope attached to it comes sailing through the door and he unconsciously catches it. He is suddenly overcome with fright and runs around room carrying football.)

HELEN *(screaming)*. John!!

JOHN *(holding football away from himself and running hither and thither)*. Run for your life, Helen;

open the window—it's a bomb! (*He runs toward HELEN and unconsciously shoves it into her hands. She rushes around room wildly, JOHN following. HELEN runs to door L. and throws ball. GEORGE enters just in time to catch it. JOHN rushes toward GEORGE.*) Throw it out! It's a bomb!

(*GEORGE becomes equally frightened and starts running around with ball and finally shoves it into JOHN's hands who throws it out door L. The neighbor is just entering and it strikes him in the stomach.*)

NEIGHBOR. Wh—what kind of a game is it?

JOHN (*excitedly*). It's a bomb!

NEIGHBOR. It is like hell. That's my kid's football. (*JOHN, HELEN and GEORGE stop and look at the NEIGHBOR foolishly.*) The kid kicked it down the hall and we couldn't find it, and seeing your door open thought perhaps it might have bounced in here. I thank you. Good-night. [*Gets football and exits door L.*]

GEORGE (*leaving by door L.*). Ah done fo'got w'ot Ah come fo' now.

(*HELEN sits at table exhausted.*)

JOHN (*standing with hands clasped behind him in front of his chair*). Ye gods! what a nice quiet evening to spend at home!

(*Speaking tube signal sounds. HELEN goes to tube and answers it.*)

HELEN (*in tube*). Hello. Yes—oh!—come right up. Oh, John, dear, goody-goody! What do you think? Mother's come to visit us!

(*JOHN sinks back in chair as if in faint.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

THE GIRL AND THE BOOB

THE GIRL AND THE BOOB

A Talking and Singing Act.

CHARACTERS

GLADYS, *a vaudeville actress.*

JUDSON, *a stage hand.*

No Scenery Required.

TIME OF PLAYING—About ten minutes.

A modern costume for GLADYS.
A misfit suit and small derby for JUDSON.

THE GIRL AND THE BOOB

(GLADYS enters and starts to sing a song. JUDSON enters with broom and dust-pan and makes considerable noise trying to gather dirt into the pan. GLADYS finally stops singing and upbraids him. JUDSON looks at her foolishly.)

GLADYS. Where do you think you're at, in a boiler factory? What do you mean by interrupting me in this manner? Couldn't you see that I was singing? Do you think all these people came here to see you sweep? They can do that at home. Well, stand there like a dummy! Can't you talk? I'm going to report this to the manager. Do you hear me? I'm going to report this to the manager! Where is he? What's the trouble, have you got a cramp in your tongue? Where—is—the—manager?

JUDSON. He—he's went home.

GLADYS. Gone home? Why, he's supposed to remain here during the performances. This must be some outfit. A stage hand like you, and a manager that goes home—say ——

JUDSON. He had to go home.

GLADYS. What do you mean—he had to?

JUDSON. The doctor sent for him.

GLADYS. The doctor—perhaps he had good reason for going, and of course, that makes a difference. What is the trouble at home?

JUDSON (*bashfully*). Why—er ——

GLADYS. Say, look here, Boob!

JUDSON. My name ain't Boob; it's Judson and the boys call me Jud.

GLADYS. Well, Jud, what are you afraid of? You stand there as if I were going to shoot you or carry you off for ransom. And I'm not trying to vamp you, either. Now tell me what's the trouble at the manager's house.

JUDSON. Aw, I don't want to.

GLADYS (*grabs him by ear. He winces*). If I had you very long I'd rid you of that bashfulness. Now, tell me what is wrong at the manager's house, and be quick about it! (JUDSON *frightened; looks around helplessly, then whispers in her ear. GLADYS laughs.*) Is that so? That's fine. Boy or girl?

JUDSON. 'Tain't neither.

GLADYS. It isn't either. Then what ——?

JUDSON. It's twins.

GLADYS (*laughs heartily*). You're good!

JUDSON. Huh?

GLADYS. I say, you're good.

JUDSON. That's what my maw says. My maw used to give me a quarter for being good and then she run out of quarters.

GLADYS. So you don't get a quarter for being good any more?

JUDSON. Naw; now I'm good for nothing. Are you good?

GLADYS. I hope so.

JUDSON. Are you good for nothing?

GLADYS. Why, I should say not.

JUDSON. What do you charge? (GLADYS *looks at him laughing.*) You're a darn pretty woman, ain't you?

GLADYS. I'm glad you think so.

JUDSON. Are you married?

GLADYS. No.

JUDSON. Have you got a feller?

GLADYS. No.

JUDSON (*jabbing her in the side*). Well, you're going to have one darn quick.

GLADYS (*looks at him a moment and then laughs*). Did you ever have a girl?

JUDSON. Once.

GLADYS. Was she pretty?

JUDSON. She wasn't bad looking when she had her mouth shut. She looked something like you.

GLADYS (*laughs*). Well, I like that. Did you ever take her to dances, et cetera?

JUDSON. Nope, we never went to dances, and—what was that other?

GLADYS. Et cetera.

JUDSON. There ain't none of them in this town.

GLADYS. Didn't you ever take her to a show or a movie or buy her an ice-cream soda?

JUDSON. Nope.

GLADYS. That's no way to treat a girl. Why didn't you?

JUDSON. Her husband wouldn't let me.

GLADYS. You ought to know better. Leave the married girls alone.

JUDSON. Well, Paw said the best thing I could do was to get a wife.

GLADYS. Where is your father?

JUDSON. Paw's with Maw.

GLADYS. Where's your mother?

JUDSON. Maw's with Paw.

GLADYS. Where are both of them?

JUDSON. In Oshkosh.

GLADYS. What street is that on?

JUDSON. 'Tain't on no street. It's along the railroad track. It's about one minute from here.

GLADYS. One minute from here?

JUDSON. Yep, by telephone.

GLADYS. What state is it in?

JUDSON. It was in a state of excitement when I left.

GLADYS. How was that?

JUDSON. Maw did the washing for the police force, and I delivered it and it got mad 'cause I dropped its shirt in the mud and I had to leave town.

GLADYS. What is your father doing there?

JUDSON. He's doing six months now. Say, will you marry me?

GLADYS. Positively, no.

JUDSON. Why not?

GLADYS. What in the world would I do with you?

JUDSON. I'd make a good ornament.

GLADYS. I'll say you would.

JUDSON. And you could use me in your act.

GLADYS. I don't require any ornaments in my act. I have a singing act.

JUDSON. I can sing.

GLADYS. You can?

JUDSON. Bet your neck. I got two medals once for singing.

GLADYS. You don't tell me?

JUDSON. I do tell you. Don't tell me I don't tell you when I do tell you. I use to sing in the Oshkosh Barber Shop Quartet. We use to sing Sweet Madeline and Anna Laurie and all them late songs.

GLADYS. What do you sing, tenor?

JUDSON. Tenor, 'leven or twelve—don't make no difference.

GLADYS. You said you received two medals for singing. Is that true?

JUDSON. Yep. Got a tin one for singing and a gold one for quitting.

GLADYS. My act has been interrupted so far we might as well carry it through. Let's hear you sing.

JUDSON. Gosh, I ain't going to sing with you standing right there. You get off the stage and I'll sing.

GLADYS. All right, I'll take a little walk. (GLADYS *exits*. JUDSON *sings some good rube or simple song*. GLADYS *enters at finish of song*.) Jud, that's fine. I didn't know it was in you.

JUDSON. 'Tain't now. It's out.

GLADYS. You're not as dumb as you look.

JUDSON. That's what Paw says. He says I'm dumber. Say, I forgot; did I ask you to marry me awhile ago?

GLADYS. You did.

JUDSON. What did you say?

GLADYS. I said, "Positively no!" Can't you remember if you asked me?

JUDSON. I ask so many I didn't know whether I'd honored you or not. Will you give me a kiss?

GLADYS. Well, what cheek!

JUDSON. It don't make no difference; either one.

GLADYS. The man I kiss I marry.

JUDSON. All right, go ahead.

GLADYS. The man I marry must be square, upright and grand.

JUDSON. You don't want a man. You want a piano.

GLADYS. It's disgusting. All the men are alike.

JUDSON. If they're all alike why do women marry three or four?

GLADYS. I don't believe I'd marry the best man on earth.

JUDSON. That's what they all say, but they're still building schoolhouses.

GLADYS. Furthermore, I'm married to my art.

JUDSON. Hadn't you better get a divorce?

GLADYS. I don't believe in divorces. If all the men treated their wives right there would be no divorces.

JUDSON. How you going to treat them since the country went dry?

GLADYS. Treat them with respect.

JUDSON. There ain't none in this town.

GLADYS. Men's fondness is for wet goods.

JUDSON. And women's fondnesses is for dry goods.

GLADYS. Isn't it the women who sew all the buttons on the men's clothes?

JUDSON. Gee, lady, if it wasn't for the women we wouldn't have to wear any clothes.

GLADYS. A mere man proposed to me last night.

JUDSON. What did he propose?

GLADYS. He wanted to marry me. He said my teeth were like the stars.

JUDSON. Did he mean that they come out every night?

GLADYS. Sir, they are all my own.

JUDSON. Then you got 'em paid for, eh?

GLADYS. What?

JUDSON. 'Tain't none of my business, anyway. A feller told me you changed the color of your hair every week.

GLADYS. It's false.

JUDSON. I wouldn't have thunk it. My aunt wears a wig, too.

GLADYS. I want you to understand, young man, that the hair on my head is just as Nature placed it.

JUDSON. Gee, Nature is a wonderful landscape gardener, ain't she?

GLADYS. How so?

JUDSON. She picked out a pretty place to plant that hair.

GLADYS. Are you kidding me or trying to show me a good time?

JUDSON. If Zeke'd pay me back that sixty cents I'd show you a good time, all right.

GLADYS. Where do you work when you're not here?

JUDSON. Down at the pickle factory. I'm a pickle shaver.

GLADYS. You're a pickle—what?

JUDSON. Pickle shaver. You know what I mean. I shave the warts off'n the pickles. Pretty smooth job, eh?

GLADYS. Is that all you do?

JUDSON. Just about. Sometimes I'm a salt separator.

GLADYS. What in the world is a salt separator?

JUDSON. A salt separator is a feller what takes the pickle brine after they're through with it and picks out the salt with a pair of tweezers.

GLADYS. That reminds me. I have a pickle fork with an ivory handle. Can you tell me what will bring back the natural tint of genuine ivory?

JUDSON (*looking at her head*). Did you ever try getting a shampoo?

GLADYS. You are an insinuator.

JUDSON. You're wrong again. I'm a Presbyterian. Well, I got to be going.

GLADYS. Where are you going?

JUDSON. Swimmin'.

GLADYS. Where do you swim around here?

JUDSON. Down in the pool room.

GLADYS. Swim in a pool room? Haven't you a lake or river around here?

JUDSON. We got the smallest river in the world.

GLADYS. The smallest river in the world?

JUDSON. Yes'm; it's so small it's only got one bank.

(*Starting to exit.*) Well, so long. You won't get lonesome, will you?

GLADYS. I think not.

JUDSON. Then you won't marry me?

GLADYS. No.

JUDSON. Then I'm going down to the shirt factory and ask Minnie Fish if she won't marry me.

GLADYS. Don't you know that many a poor man is married just through asking fool questions?

JUDSON. I guess you're right. Y'ever notice when a man gets married he promises to love, honor and obey. And after he's married he finds out he has to. Minnie told me last night that I was the light of her life.

GLADYS. She said you were the light of her life? What did you do?

JUDSON. Went right out and got lit up. You know what Shakespeare said to Napoleon: "He who hesitates gets run over."

GLADYS. You're quite a philosopher, aren't you?

JUDSON. I don't know what a philosopher is, but I guess I'm it. Well, I got to be moving along. See you later. (*Starts to exit, then stops.*) Read a good one in the almanac this morning down at the pickle factory.

GLADYS. Spring it.

JUDSON. It said: All is not gold that glitters, or all what flap ain't flappers. (*Makes quick exit while GLADYS laughs. Orchestra plays and she sings popular song. At finish of song JUDSON enters.*) You ain't a singer.

GLADYS. Who says I'm not? I've had my voice cultivated.

JUDSON. Cultivated? It ought to be ploughed up again. You drag it too much. Nope, you ain't a singer. You sound more like a Wheeler and Wilson looking for a New Home. So you won't marry me?

GLADYS. No!

JUDSON. Then I'm to understand that you don't love me?

GLADYS. I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man on earth.

JUDSON. Durn right you wouldn't. If I was the only

man on earth I'd been grabbed up long ago. The manager just got back and wants to know how long you're going to stay out here?

GLADYS. It's none of his business. I'm going to sing another song before I leave.

JUDSON. What's the matter; you got a grudge against the audience?

(Orchestra plays. GLADYS and JUDSON sing duet. At finish of song they make a quick exit.)

CURTAIN

HIS WIFE'S FATHER-IN-LAW

HIS WIFE'S FATHER-IN-LAW

A Farce-Comedy in One Act.

CHARACTERS

TIMOTHY GALE, *a retired sea-captain.*
JACK, *his wayward son.*
PEARL, *JACK'S new wife.*

TIME—Now.

SCENE—A plainly furnished room.

PROPERTIES—Two revolvers, camphor bottle, hand mirror, lunch and tea on lunch tray.

HIS WIFE'S FATHER-IN-LAW

SCENE.—*Interior of a room plainly furnished with a couch, a chair, etc.*

(*At rise of curtain CAPTAIN GALE is discovered lying on the couch; his face, hand, legs, etc., in bandages. He regains consciousness, raises himself on his elbow and looks around in bewilderment.*)

CAPTAIN. What the—what's the meaning of this? (*Looks around.*) Ship ahoy, somebody!

(PEARL, *in capacity of temporary nurse, enters.*)

PEARL. Yes?

CAPTAIN (*looks at her a moment, then rubs eyes*). Say, who the dickens are you, and how did I come to be marooned here?

PEARL (*smiling*). You are in Oakley.

CAPTAIN. H'm! (*He always gives this expression a peculiar emphasis.*) What street is it on? And who are you?

PEARL. You may call me Pearl. I am your nurse for the time being.

CAPTAIN. H'm! Thanks for the information. Who dumped me here?

PEARL. You were in a railroad wreck. Two passenger trains collided, and you had a very narrow escape. May I ask your name?

CAPTAIN. Timothy Gale, retired sea-captain, ma'am, at your service.

PEARL (*registering surprise and then quickly suppressing it*). How do you feel by now?

CAPTAIN. Hanged if I know. What's the matter with me, anyway? Anything busted?

PEARL. The doctor said there were no bones broken, but you have some bad bruises.

(She hands mirror to CAPTAIN and he surveys himself.)

CAPTAIN. H'm! Looks like we hit the reefs, don't it? Say, there ain't a bruise under every patch, is there?

PEARL. There are a dozen or so under the larger patches.

CAPTAIN. Did you say that I licked the other fellow?

PEARL. Why, you were in a railroad accident. Don't you remember?

CAPTAIN. H'm! Ye-es, reckon I do; but shiver me, if it don't seem like a dream. How long have I been here?

PEARL. About three hours.

CAPTAIN. Three ——

JACK *(from off stage)*. Pearl!

CAPTAIN. Hello, who's there? Ahoy, there!

PEARL. That's my other patient. I must go to him now, but I'll soon return. *(She starts to exit.)*

CAPTAIN. Aw, hold on; let him yell.

JACK *(from off stage)*. Pearl! Pearl!

CAPTAIN *(to JACK)*. Stop your noise. *(To PEARL.)* I say, Pearl, that's a pretty name. But, listen: that ship in there ain't in any danger. He's got too good a fog-horn. How many wrecks have you got in this harbor?

PEARL. Just you two.

CAPTAIN. H'm! How's the other one? Any worse looking than me?

PEARL. There isn't much choice. If there is any advantage, I think you have it. But you must excuse me.

[She exits.]

CAPTAIN *(soliloquizing)*. H'm! So I've got the advantage, have I? I'm danged glad of that. H'm! That girl is the neatest and trimmest-built craft I've met on many a cruise. Wonder if she's got a consort. Wouldn't mind sailing the rest of my voyage with her, myself. Shiver me! Wouldn't that be a joke on Jack after the

way he treated me? No, sir, Jack didn't treat me right. After I goes and picks out a girl for him to marry, then have him go and marry some fool woman I've never seen. No, for my own son, he didn't treat me right. Now if he had picked out a girl like Pearl here I'd been tickled to death. (*Hears JACK off stage talking to PEARL.*) H'm! hear him blabber to her, the pirate!

(*Listens.*)

JACK (*from off stage*). Pearl, who is that in the next room?

CAPTAIN (*aside*). None of his business.

JACK (*from off stage*). Whoever he is, I want him out of there just as soon as he is able to be moved.

CAPTAIN (*aside*). Which won't be very soon if that girl sticks around here. I've got just as much right as he has here, and I'll stay just as long as I darned please. (*Listens, but hears nothing.*) Blast it all! Wonder what they're talking about. (*Calls.*) Pearl! Pearl! come here quick!

(PEARL *hurriedly enters with camphor bottle and puts it under his nose.*)

PEARL. Yes?

CAPTAIN (*pushing bottle away*). Here, here! Don't douse me with that. I'm all right. I just wanted to talk with you. I wish you wouldn't entertain that old pirate in there so much. I'm getting lonesome. Take advice from one who knows; don't go near that man. He may be a double-dyed villain of the worst kind, so don't go near him.

PEARL. But he has no one to take care of him.

CAPTAIN. Aw, let him take care of himself.

PEARL. Do unto others as you would others should do unto you. Remember the Golden Rule.

CAPTAIN. H'm! Let the Golden Rule slide for the present. That man in there is one of the worst, lowest, most black-hearted scoundrels on the face of the earth.

PEARL. Why, Captain, how do you know?

CAPTAIN. H'm! Well—I—I think he is, anyway. I've taken a liking to you, Pearl, and I want you to promise that you won't speak to him again.

PEARL. I must see him just once more at least.

(She turns away and smiles to herself.)

JACK *(from off stage)*. Pearl! Pearl! Hurry up, I want you.

PEARL. I must go to him. If you want anything, call me. *[She exits.]*

CAPTAIN *(soliloquizing)*. Blow his ugly mug! Like to see what he looks like. H'm! Wonder if he's younger than me. H'm! But I'm not so old, only fifty-four coming December. A girl like Pearl shouldn't marry a man less than fifty-four anyway. *(Listens.)*

JACK *(from off stage)*. Pearl, I wish you wouldn't go in there with that fellow. It is very indiscreet. He may be an escaped convict or something. What's his name? Where's he from?

CAPTAIN *(aside)*. Wouldn't he like to know?

PEARL *(from off stage)*. The poor old man has enough troubles of his own without telling me his affairs.

CAPTAIN *(aside)*. Pooh! Poor old man! H'm! I like that. I'm going to get a wig and some false teeth; I'll show 'em, by cracky!

JACK *(from off stage)*. I don't give a hang whether he's old or young; I want you to keep away from him. Let him get a nurse if he's sick. I want you all myself, and if I were able I'd lock the door and keep you here.

CAPTAIN *(soliloquizing)*. He's a brute. If I was her I'd block his knock off. H'm! Wish I was able to get up; I'd teach him to abuse a poor, defenseless woman. That's all the thanks the poor girl gets for waiting on an idiot like him. *(Listens but hears nothing.)* Wonder if he's gone to sleep? *(Calls faintly.)* Pearl! *(Louder.)* Pearl! *(Much louder.)* Pearl!

JACK *(from off stage)*. Shut your face!

CAPTAIN. Aw, go to the devil!

JACK (*from off stage*). You'll please attend to your own affairs.

CAPTAIN. I tell you, I'll not allow no knock-kneed, scaly-hided, cross-eyed son-of-an-alligator abuse a lady as you're doing. Pearl, come here to a gentleman.

JACK (*from off stage*). Pearl, don't you take one step!

CAPTAIN (*aside*). Gosh-all-fish-hooks! I wish Jack was here. I bet he'd hammer that toad into pulp. (*Calls.*) Pearl, come here to me, dearest.

JACK (*from off stage*). Look here, I won't stand this another minute! Pearl, hand me my revolver. I'll teach him something if I've got to knock the house down doing it.

CAPTAIN (*pulls revolver from pocket*). Fire away, you liver-spotted cockroach! Oh, if I could only get a bead on you!

JACK (*from off stage*). Same to you, you old blabber-mouthed duffer! If I were able to get in there I'd make a sieve of you. Pearl, what does he look like?

CAPTAIN. Pearl, don't tell him. If he wants to see how handsome I am let him come in. I'll shoot as soon as he sticks his nut inside the door.

(*Enter PEARL.*)

PEARL. Please be quiet now. You're both half crazy, and I'm going to leave you until you cool down. Now try and get some sleep. [*She exits.*]

CAPTAIN. Sleep! sleep! and let him cut my throat while I'm doing it? Not so you can notice it.

JACK (*from off stage*). Did you hear that, Pearl? Said he was going to cut my throat.

CAPTAIN (*soliloquizing*). Oh, rats! (*Lies back.*) Rats! Why did I leave my happy home? Rats! Why—why—— (*Falls asleep and snores very loudly.* JACK also snores loudly off stage. *Enter PEARL with lunch on tray.* CAPTAIN awakes.) Sh! don't make any noise, my dear. Whatever you do, don't wake up that hog in there. Hear him snort. I never did have any use for a man that snores. Just set the tray there, dearest, and sit up close to me. We'll have a dandy little chat while

that sawmill works. Did—oh, what a racket! Did you prepare this lunch, sweetheart? (PEARL *shakes head in affirmative.*) H'm! It's capital, and I'm hungry as a bear. Just give me a piece of that toast. Thank you. Now, I'm going to tell you about myself. A little cream, please. Well, I'm a retired sea-captain, and I've got a snug little bank account, and I'm all alone in the world, with the exception of my housekeeper. Just a little more toast, please. Yep, I'm all alone. I did have a son until this morning, but I've disowned him. Jack was a good boy,—in some ways; but I got a letter from him this morning, and he went and got married against my wishes; married a woman—a female woman that I've never seen. But I can just imagine what kind of a woman Jack would pick out—a red-lipped, red-cheeked doll with a peroxide roof and wears monogrammed silk stockings, and all that. Well, when I got Jack's letter I got pretty mad and told my housekeeper to visit her sister a while, and I shut up the house and beat it. So, when Jack brings his new wife home with him he won't find anyone to meet him.

PEARL. Don't you think it would have been better to have waited until you had seen his wife?

CAPTAIN. H'm! Do you think so?

PEARL. Yes, Captain, I do.

CAPTAIN. H'm! Maybe so, maybe so. I'm a little hasty at times. But I'd forgive him and everybody else if—listen. Blow me, if that old landlubber ain't awake again.

(JACK *makes noise off stage.*)

JACK (*from off stage*). Pearl! are you trying to starve me?

CAPTAIN. Sh! don't make a sound, and he won't know that you're here.

JACK (*from off stage*). Hey! you old mud-face, is that woman in there?

CAPTAIN. None of your business.

JACK (*from off stage*). I'll make it some of my business.

CAPTAIN. Pearl, answer me quick; will you marry me?

PEARL (*surprised*). Why ——

CAPTAIN. There, there, my dear, I know you will. (*Takes her hand and kisses it.*) Oh, sweetheart, I know you will.

JACK (*from off stage*). I know she won't.

(*JACK rushes on, swathed in bandages, brandishing revolver. CAPTAIN draws his revolver. They both shield their faces with uplifted arms.*)

CAPTAIN. Villain, defend yourself. (*Jumps up.*)

JACK. If you ever so much as lay a finger on my wife —— (*JACK recognizes CAPTAIN as his father.*) Dad!

(*PEARL, for a moment somewhat nervous, now laughs.*)

CAPTAIN. Jack, my boy, what the deuce are you doing here?

JACK. I was taking my new wife to your house when the wreck occurred. Meet my wife. But, Dad, what are you doing here?

CAPTAIN. Trying to make a darn fool out of myself. Ship ahoy! Jack, you and this wonderful Pearl here are going home with your wife's father-in-law and—what do they say in stories?—and live happy ever after.

(*He embraces JACK and PEARL.*)

QUICK CURTAIN

THE LOVE STORY OF AN IRISH LASSIE

Cinderella O'Reilly



CINDERELLA O'REILLY. A Comedy in 3 acts. By Ted and Virginia Maxwell. 5 m., 5 w. Full evening. Maggie O'Reilly is an orphan, the unhappy little protege of the wealthy Judith Bohne. She lives "below stairs" and longs, like the Cinderella of old, for a prince who will come and carry her away. Forest Arnold, an author of note, is to be the guest of honor at a house party on the Bohne estate. He is to arrive by airplane with his pal, Jimsey Braden. Their plane is wrecked near the estate and when the author arrives in a generally disreputable condition, Maggie mistakes him for the mechanic. She then tells him her opinion of the author which so amuses Arnold that he decides to make Jimsey change places with him. Then the fun begins. He is forced to find quarters "below stairs" with Maggie, Fu, the Chinese cook and the servants. Jimsey goes "above stairs" as Forest Arnold and leads Judith, who is determined to marry the famous author, a merry chase. The setting is novel — i.e., a view of the Bohne gardens. On the stage is "below stairs." At the back and up some steps is "above stairs." Judith never allows Maggie "above stairs," fearing her youth and charm will win the author and all the while this woman hater disguised as his own mechanic is "below stairs" slowly losing his heart to the sweetness and charm of Maggie O'Reilly.

ROYALTY ONLY FIFTEEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

A SURE FIRE COMEDY

Buzzin' Around

By Howard Reed

A Comedy in Three Acts, 5 m., 4 w.

Two easy sets

Louella Briggs, working her way through school, returns to her home town, Coopsboro, to earn more money in order to complete her education. Her arrival fans to flame the ancient hate of Cyrus Ramsey, the town magnate, for the Briggs family. The evening of Louella's arrival, the Benevolent Order of Bees holds its first annual meeting with a dance, ice-cream and cake, and a big raffle for \$250.00 donated by Mr. Ramsey. Louella wins the raffle because Danny Ramsey, her admirer, fills the drawing box with tickets containing only her number. The next morning with the "bony fido" numbers, Mr. Ramsey himself draws Louella's number. His efforts to keep the prize from her are frustrated by his son, and in the end Louella is invited to the Ramsey homestead. The feud is ended. The leading character, however, is Ebenezer Cunningham, a clerk at the local grocery, musician in the band and a fervent lodge worker. He carries all the work and worries and is kicked out of the lodge when the crookedness of the raffle is discovered. The comedy, a sort of satire on the theory of brotherhood, may be used to good advantage by any fraternal organization although "BUZZIN' AROUND" is not strictly a lodge play. The comedy is rich with laugh lines, evenly distributed, and every part is a good one. It is a million miles removed from the old type rural "dramy" and both city and country audiences alike will enjoy its quaint humor, its "telling" lines, its originality of plot and its unusual sets.

THE CHARACTERS

WILLIAM ORCUTT, founder of the Benevolent Order of Bees	Types Old man.
OSWALD CROCKER, of Crocker's Cash Grocery . .	Character.
MRS. ORCUTT, dutiful, but dumb	Old woman.
DANIEL RAMSEY, son of the village magnate . . .	Juvenile.
VIOLET DUNN, the village shocker	Soubrette.
LOUELLA BRIGGS, the village orphan, modern edition	Ingenue.
EBENEZER CUNNINGHAM, outer guard of the ramparts and many other things, too numerous to mention	Eccentric comedy.
LUTTIE HANKS, a distant relative of the Orcutts . .	Comedy.
CYRUS RAMSEY, owner of the Cooperage Works . .	Old man.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

AN EXCITING COMEDY

Chintz Cottage

By Beulah King

A Three-Act Comedy, 2 m., 5 w.

Easy stage set

A plot which fairly bristles with exciting events. It tells the story of what happens up at Minty's place. Minty, a charmingly attractive girl of 20, bored with society, comes from the city to rusticate in the remote village of Meadowbrook. She brings with her a maid and settles down for a state of peace and quiet. Then the lid blows off and as in plays only, one exciting event piles on another to startling climaxes. Minty does not rest, but she gets a "change" and incidentally falls heir to a husband. The cast is an interesting one with Minty topping the group. Following as a close second, is the maid "skeered all the time," a rich comedy part. Then there is Minty's aunt a "boss" with a matrimonial eye on Mr. Kent (poor man he needed a manager and he got one). Peter is an innocent cause for most of the trouble while his sister, Grace, helps him in and out of several predicaments. Mrs Dean's part is short but an excellent bit. An attractive play for amateurs, easily got ready for production. Few props to puzzle over, a simple interior setting and possessing a good yarn dramatically told.

THE CAST

MINTY

PETER

FANNY

MRS. TILLINGTOP.

GRACE

MR. KENT

MRS. DEAN

Act I. At Minty's Cottage. A June morning.

Act II. The same. Early evening of the same day.

Act III. The same. Later the same evening.

The right of one performance issues only with the purchase and payment of eight copies or more; a special license for repeat performances will be issued on receipt of \$2.50 for each such performance.

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

A VOLCANIC FARCE

Hixville to Hollywood

By Adam Applebud

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts, 9 m., 10 w. or by doubling
7 m., 7 w.

Settings easily arranged.

Here is a play which for novelty and diversity of characters will appeal to all. Flossina Jersey, after being a movie fan for years, wins the home town movie contest as staged by the smooth Mr. Black and Miss White of Hollywood. She deserts the small town mirth-provoking characters of Act 1 such as "Pop" Fish, the Master of the Grange, the three village gossips, Eliza Sparrow, spinster, and ever faithful Henry Chill, her village sweetheart, to invade the maelstrom of Hollywood where she becomes involved in the life of filmdom to the extent of amazing adventures with those whom she has worshipped in celluloid for years. Alfredo Astoria, the sheik of the screen, Jean Garland the temperamental star, Anthony De Wark the director, and Isidore Katz the producer, all consider themselves entitled to be called the "world's greatest" and are not bashful about it. The play has been very carefully prepared as to stage directions and production helps, even including an outlined publicity campaign to make it a success.

THE CAST

MRS. CHILL	}	<i>The rocking-chair fleet.</i>
MRS. JERSEY		
MRS. HIX		
"POP" FISH, <i>Master of the Grange.</i>		
"MOM" FISH, <i>mistress of "Pop."</i>		
MISS ELIZA SPARROW, <i>spinster.</i>		
FLOSSINA JERSEY, <i>the pride and joy of Hixville.</i>		
HENRY CHILL, <i>sweet on Flossina.</i>		
MR. BLACK	}	<i>of the Black and White Filogram Service, of Hollywood, Cal.</i>
MISS WHITE		
ELAINE, <i>watch-dog of the Screen Art Film Company.</i>		
WHISKERINO, <i>a fallen star.</i>		
MADELINE MONTROSE, <i>"Mother Madeline."</i>		
ANTHONY DEWARK	}	<i>the world's (director) at least greatest (actor) in moving (producer) their own picture (actress) opinions!</i>
ALFREDO ASTORIA		
ISIDORE KATZ		
JEAN GARLAND		
CAMERA MAN.		
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR.		
MUSICIANS.		

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

CINDERELLA O'REILLY'S SUCCESSOR

Mary-Gold

By Ted and Virginia Maxwell

A Comedy-Drama in Three Acts, 5 m., 3 w.

Easy stage sets

A play all about "Jest Plain Mary." Jed (country boy lead) and Uncle Ed (typical G-string comedy character), have lived alone on the Davis ranch allowing everything in the house to go to pot — man fashion. News comes that Jed's half sister, Anne, is on her way home. Meanwhile, Mary, to help out the boys, comes over to the ranch house and puts things in order. Much comedy can be made in this scene. Anne arrives, and a disagreeable Anne it is. With her is Starr Bradley, a male mollusc. Jed, infatuated with Anne but really in love with Mary, deeds to her the best part of his farm and later almost loses to her his part ownership in a gold mine. To the ranch comes a moving picture company and while on location the leading woman is taken ill. Mary, by a well-deserved stroke of good fortune, fits into the part and makes good. With these cross-currents of interest the authors have deftly woven a clever play. Anne's ulterior motives are thwarted, Uncle Ed becomes rich, the wedding bells ring out for Jed and Mary. The contributing characters are good. Clark, an Eastern financier, Props, a bit and an extremely clever one, and Miss Jordan, a successful author. The play has every quality that amateurs like — romance, breathless suspense, fun in large gobs, movie gossip, adventure and a happy ending. A royalty quality play in the non-royalty class.

THE CAST

JEDROLIAH DAVIS

STARR BRADLEY

UNCLE ED DUNLAP

ERNEST CLARK

PROPS

MARY BROWN

ANNABELLE EVANS

FLORENCE JORDAN

Act I. The "lived-in" room of the Davis ranch house. Morning.

Act II. Scene 1. The same. Three weeks later. Early afternoon. Scene 2. The same. Early afternoon. Three weeks later.

Act III. The same. Four days later. Late afternoon.

NO ROYALTY

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

A FARCICAL MIRTHQUAKE

Climbing Roses

By Eugene G. Hafer

**A Farcical Mirthquake in Three Acts, 5 m., 7 w. and
3 extras**

Easy stage set

We heartily recommend this as one of the most uproariously funny, intensely interesting and charming plays in print. The rapid-fire action achieves a tremendously forceful climax, and all of the characters are uproariously delightful. The cast comprises very common but warmhearted Maggie Rose and her crude husband Jim Rose, whose efforts to effect an entrance into high society will convulse any audience; dynamic Peggy Rose, a common little rosebud, who also strives to climb the social trellis; pretty Hazel Sommers, who has a fondness for orange blossoms; excitable Priscilla Prentice, an unpicked dandelion; Mrs. Warren, a leader in society; Joyce Belmont, a hothouse orchid; Winnie Clark, a pretty little neighborhood pest; Jack Archer, America's foremost author, over whose expected coming the town is agog but who has already arrived incognito and is working as yardman for the lowly Roses; Ferdie Wimbledon, not a candidate for orange blossoms; loud-mouthed Dryden Proonis, the town sport, who is decidedly not a shrinking violet; and Percy Southworth, a meek acorn striving to be a dominant oak.

THE PLAYERS

PEGGY ROSE, *a common little rosebud.*

MAGGIE ROSE, *her aunt.*

HAZEL SOMMERS, *who has a fondness for orange blossoms.*

PRISCILLA PRENTICE, *an unpicked dandelion.*

MRS. WARREN, *a leader in society.*

JOYCE BELMONT, *a hothouse orchid.*

WINNIE CLARKE, *a little neighborhood pest.*

JACK ARCHER, *alias Watson, who cultivates the Roses.*

FERDIE WIMBLEDON, *not a candidate for orange blossoms.*

JIM ROSE, *Maggie's husband. Common garden variety.*

DRYDEN PROONIS, *not a shrinking violet.*

PERCY SOUTHWORTH, *a very dominant young man.*

And three extra men for bit parts. Ferdie, Dryden and Percy can easily double for these character parts.

Scene: Living-room in the home of Peggy Rose.

Time: The present. Spring.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

ADAM APPLEBUD'S NEW FARCE COMEDY

Salt Water Taffy

By Adam Applebud

(Carl Pierce)

A Breezy Bit of Banter in Three Acts, 4 m., 5 w.

2 extremely easy interiors

One can always expect the unusual in a new play from the pen of Adam Applebud, but this time he has surpassed any previous effort in putting together in play form as breezy a bit of banter as will be offered to amateurs this season. The cast is made up wholly of young people, the spirit of the play is youth and the plot story is teeming over with action of the sort that young people of to-day engage in. The love affair of "Sugar" and "Chickie" will make the grouchiest grouch forget his troubles. "Chickie" is going to the Cape for his vacation and "Sugar" delegates her best friend Irma to just happen down there at the same time to keep an eye on this eligible young man. She does and with results. The fun of watching the antics of the boys keeping house will not soon be forgotten. The third act is a mirthquake of riotous clean farce and can be put over successfully even by inexperienced players. Expect a clever play and then double your expectations and you'll have some notion of what a clever playwright can turn out for amateur groups.

CHARACTERS

CHARLOTTE BANCROFT, "*Sugar.*"

IRMA HASTINGS, *her best friend.*

CHARLES DUDLEY, "*Chickie.*"

EDWIN ROWLEY, *a bashful beau.*

ANITA THORNDIKE, *the cause of Ed's worry.*

JANE OXFORD, *chilly and much the high-brow.*

JACK BELMONT }
RIPLEY BROOKS }*two-thirds of an irrepressible trio.*

BILLY FLOOD, *who covers a lot of territory.*

Act I. The Bancroft living-room in Boston.

Act II. Interior of a summer camp on the sand dunes near Provincetown.

Act III. Same setting as Act II.

NO ROYALTY

Books Thirty-Five Cents Each

THE LAUGHING HIT OF THE YEAR

Oh, Kay!

By Adam Applebud.

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts interlarded with mystery and thrills. 6 m., 5w. Three of the male characters have little to do. One easy interior. Plays a full evening. Here is another corking play by the author of *BE AN OPTIMIST* which will make as big a hit as that has. It will be fun to watch it, fun to act it and fun to rehearse it. It's a sort of mystery play with something doing every minute in the way of thrills, surprises and laughs. There are no dead bodies falling out of closets, no gorillas, bats, spiders or other repulsive things running around but there's plenty of excitement and strange things happen before your eyes. "Gramp" with his flivver and its never-ending accessories and "Gram" with her habit of trying every patent medicine on the market are a couple of comedy roles which will furnish a couple of hundred laughs. Kay Millis, the girl detective, is a strong part calling for good acting while Art and Edith are juvenile parts of much appeal. Then there are other good parts and as the plot moves all are enmeshed in the "tangled threads of mystery." Oh, yes, we must mention the Black Terror himself, who is the cause of all the trouble. Can it be . . . ? Do you suppose . . . ? He is . . . ? But the secret must be kept. If you have pleased audiences before you will certainly retain their good will by offering them *OH, KAY!*

THE PLAYERS

Edith Whitman.
Evelyn Whitman, her mother.
Arthur Whitman, her brother.
Captain George Whitman, her father.
"Gram." Pembroke.
Alice Borden.
The "Black Terror."
"Gramp" Pembroke.
Jim Hayes.
Kay Millis, of the Millis Detective Agency.
Fred Alden.

The entire action of the play takes place in the living-room of the Whitmans in the course of one evening.

A few minutes elapse between Acts I and II.

Acts II and III are continuous.

ROYALTY ONLY TEN DOLLARS

Each Amateur Performance

Books Fifty Cents Each

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

41 Winter Street,

Boston, Mass.

A "Ten Strike" Farce

COLOR BLIND

A Farce in Three Acts

by J. C. McMULLEN

*Author of "Ace High", "Dead of Night", "Little Things,"
"Mail Order Brides", "Mary Made Some Marmalade",
"Educating Esther", "George Did It", "Good
Evening Clarice", "Making Daddy Behave",
etc.*

Six Men, Six Women. One Interior, One Exterior Set.

This is one of those happy-go-lucky farces that goes from one ridiculous situation to another until the whole case is in a conglomerate mixup. Norbert Green and Horace Black got tired of working as clerks in a bank so they bought a roadhouse, which, with a brilliant inspiration they named after a noted actress Beryl Hill. It would have been all right had they not decided to keep the ownership of the house a secret from their wives until it was on the way to success, but when their wives found letters concerning Beryl Hill in their husbands' pockets and even received calls from the lady in their own homes, they thought it time to take a hand, which they did and how! Of course it's all straightened out in the end but there's three acts of clean, rollicking fun while it is being done. All parts are good, but Maria, the "dumb dame", Freddy the interior decorator and Bill the pugilist are exceptionally "fat." The scenes are easily arranged and there is plenty of opportunity for good dressing on the part of the various characters, if desired.

MEET THE CAST

NORBERT BLACK.

ROXY, his wife.

HORACE GREEN, Norbert's friend.

MERCY, his wife.

BILL BROWN, the bantamweight.

FREDDY PINK, the interior decorator.

HENRY SAILOR, the banker.

SARAH, Henry's wife.

BERYL HILL, the dancer.

MARIA, the Black's maid.

DAISY GARRISON, in love with Bill.

MR. BOWLES.

ACT I. *The Black's apartment, a small town near New York.
Late afternoon.*

ACT II. *The same. A week later.*

ACT. III. *Private garden at the roadhouse. Next evening.*

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